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fideles***

1945

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Elev
Dedicated
TO OUR PARENTS



PATRONS

Dr. A. C. Abbott
Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. E. P. Angelle
Dr. V. F. Bachynski
Dr. K. J. Backman

Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. M. Carbotte
Dr. A. G. Dandenault
Dr. C. W. Duncan
Dr. H. M. Edmison

Dr. H. Funk
Dr. A. M. Goodwin
Dr. A. T. Gowron
Dr. G. D. Graham
Dr. H. Guyot

Dr. G. A. Law
Dr. M. MacKay
Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. K. C. McGibbon
Dr. P. H. McNulty

Dr. A. P. MacKinnon
Dr. F. T. Miles
Dr. H. T. J. Nylander
Dr. I. Pearlman

Dr. G. H. Shapera
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. D. Wheeler

Dr. D. Black
Dr. W. A. Black
Dr. N. Book
Dr. J. J. Bourgoquin
Dr. G. Brock

Hollenberg Clinic
Jr. J. P. Howden
Dr. R. L. Howden
Dr. L. Kobrinsky
Dr. S. Kobrinsky

Dr. S. S. Peikoff
Dr. J. Prendergast
Dr. M. Rady
Dr. C. R. Rice



HOSPITAL REFLECTIONS

*As travellers oft look back at eve
When onward darkly going,
To gaze upon the light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.*

*So as the years roll gently on
And all things do remind us,
'Tis sweet to catch one parting ray,
Of the days we've left behind us.*

THE other day a terrible commotion greeted my ears as I walked down the corridor at the Annex. I wondered where the horrible noise came from, and, on glancing around a corner, discovered that its source was the suction in the O.R. This wonderful creation seems to us, who are used to sciences more modern wonders, to be a relic of the Middle Ages. But it started me thinking and I couldn't help but wonder what work in a hospital must have been like in the days before lazy people discovered many short cuts. And this led to speculation on how St. Boniface Hospital had reached its present modern, well-equipped status. So I got out my book and this is what I found.

The first St. Boniface Hospital was erected in 1871 and contained four beds for patients and only the bare necessities for their comfort. In 1887 it was enlarged to receive ten patients and further extensions were made in 1886 and 1893. In 1894 the first resident interne was accepted. Things had begun to

prosper and there was even an operating room where Dr. H. A. Ferguson, afterwards a famous physician of Chicago, did most of his surgery.

In 1897 the School of Nursing was opened and five pupils admitted. The course required two years and consisted of anatomy and physiology, pathology, hygiene, principles and practise of medicine, materia medica, surgery and bandaging, gynecology, obstetrics, diseases of children, and diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Examinations were written and oral, and the names of the doctors giving the lectures were announced in the local paper. Sister Parent was the first superintendent of nurses.

In 1899 there were 8 nurses, 1 interne, 24 sisters, 8 working men and 24 working girls, 8 orderlies one of whom received a "nursing diploma." Patients were cared for in their homes as well as the hospital. Not only the nurses but also the sisters went to the country when called by a doctor. At this time the bed capacity of the hospital was 126, with 2 operating rooms, a dressing room, and a sterilizing room.

In 1899 St. Roch's Hospital for contagious diseases was established, with a capacity of 47 patients.

In 1905 the large south wing was added, giving St. Boniface Hospital 350 beds for patients. The X-ray department was established in 1912 and in 1913 a laundry was built. But there still wasn't enough room to meet the demands of ever-advancing science so in 1914 the central wing was demolished and on its site the present structure rose, six stories high and absolutely fireproof.

In 1920 the St. Boniface Hospital was recognized by the American College of Surgeons as a class A-1 hospital.

St. Roch's hospital was remodelled in 1923 and then gave accommodation to 100 patients. In that year the whole hospital boasted the ability to shelter 475 patients, and maintain a staff of 110 nurses, 50 Sister, 6 internes and about 100 employees.

In 1926 the two storey building to house the internes was erected, and in 1927 construction of the Nurses Home began. It was opened early in 1928. Most recent additions are the Sanitorium with 300 beds, and a large out-patient department building. In 1942 the patients from the St. Roch's were transferred to the second floor of the O.P.D. and the hospital turned into a home for the women employees.

So now we find that St. Boniface Hospital offers to everyone, with 550 to 575 beds, and 300 more at the Sanitorium, and a large number of outpatients. Its personnel consists of 50 Sisters, 52 Graduate nurses, 175 student nurses, 25 internes, 7 orderlies and over 150 professional and non-professional technicians and helpers.

It's a marvellous record and a fine example of what cooperation and strong resolve can do. Amongst the Sisters and doctors as well as graduate nurses we meet every day, are many who have toiled to bring this hospital to the high standard it proudly maintains.

But can any student nurse today imagine herself not in the modern, fully-equipped, residence, but living perhaps on Joan of Arc Ward? Can she picture herself doing her work with only half the sterilized equipment and without such things as electric unctions, electric floor polishers, private rooms complete with bathroom, and other such conveniences? Can the probationers picture themselves doing a full eight hours of duty and taking their heavy course of studies as well? It has been done, and not so very long ago.

I'm not trying to say that today a nurse's training is a bed of roses because there is still lots of hard work and gruelling routine. But I think we sometimes fail to recognize how much the perseverance and thoughtfulness of those before us has done towards making our training easier.

So in the course of our work, when we come in contact with people, as well as articles, which we think should be relegated to an antique shop, we'll have to remember and say, "Perhaps, somewhere, sometime, you may have contributed to the high standard of proficiency I have benefited from, as a student in the St. Boniface Hospital."

RUTH WEBSTER, *Class of '45.*

GREETINGS from our SISTERS

AT THE OUTSET it may be appropriate to say that I have been with you only a short time, and should I insert my note of congratulations? — but, then, nurses have been my friends in the past, under many circumstances. You also have become dear to me in these few months and so soon will you be leaving this roof to answer the call to many a branch of your Profession.



Never perhaps, in history, have nurses been called on so much as at present and never were they asked to face a world that demands so much in personal adjustment and service. The world of to-day indeed needs "A strong Woman" of whom the Wise man speaks in the Book of Proverbs. Surely, "the price of such persons surpasseth gold and precious stone which are brought at a great cost from the ends of the world!" I wish to consider you all as "Strong Women", Women of character, perfect nurses, outstanding in your generosity and heroism.

There are many beautiful descriptive thoughts that I would like to express on this occasion — but it is not becoming in these times to use many words — thus I will say a heartfelt, "God bless you, ever protect and guide you". Wherever you go our thoughts and prayers are with you.

Rev. Sister A. BRODEUR,
Superintendent of Nurses.

IT IS WITH great pride that we see you step forth in the professional world. No doubt, you realize the responsibility that is yours, for you know that the spirit and achievements of your profession as a whole, spring from the spirit and achievement of the individuals comprising it. For this reason you must be personally worthy of your high calling.

As you stand upon the threshold of your career may I recall to you the words of a great physician, Lord Moynihon of Leeds:

"This then is the nurse's office. To be ready in all emergency, quick and competent in action, considerate in thought; a comfort in hours of sorrow, an inspiration and encouragement in times of gloom; to give ease to many a weary body and solace to many a troubled heart; to lift with strong and gentle hands a heavy load of anguish from those who falter and stumble in despair. It is to be a beacon of hope, a rock of refuge and a tower of strength".



Such is your task. Our congratulations and best wishes accompany you.

Sister Albina BOISVERT, S.G.N.,
General Superintendent and Superior.

Staff Doctors

DERMATOLOGY:

Dr. G. Brock

E.E.N.T.

Dr. C. M. Clare
Dr. H. Grieve

MEDICINE:

Dr. J. D. Adamson,
Head of Medical Dept.
Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. J. C. Hossack
Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. I. Pearlman

GYNECOLOGY:

Dr. J. D. McQueen,
Head of Gynecology
Department.
Dr. C. R. Rice
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. M. Rady

ORTHOPAEDIC:

Dr. A. P. MacKinnon
Dr. K. C. McGibbon
Dr. H. Funk

PATHOLOGIST:

Dr. J. Prendergast

VENEREAL DISEASE:

Dr. K. J. Backman

SURGERY:

Dr. O. S. Waugh,
Head of Surgical Dept.
Dr. A. C. Abbott
Dr. A. M. Goodwin
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. A. T. Gowron
Dr. P. H. McNulty

ANAESTHETISTS:

Dr. J. Nylander
Dr. V. F. Bachynski
Dr. Marjorie Bennett
Dr. A. G. Law

DENTISTS

Dr. Black
Dr. Wier

PROCTOLOGY AND UROLOGY:

Dr. J. Bourgouin

O.P.D.:

Dr. S. S. Peikoff

OBSTETRICS:

Dr. S. Kobrinsky
Dr. H. Guyot
Dr. M. Carbotte
Dr. L. Howden

RADIOLOGIST:

Dr. D. Wheeler
Dr. F. Miles

PEDIATRICS:

Dr. G. Shapera
Dr. N. Book

On Active Service

Dr. J. M. Adamson
Dr. E. Stephenson
Dr. J. Crawford

Dr. C. E. Corrigan
Dr. R. Richardson
Dr. F. H. Smith

SOME OF OUR DOCTORS



BACK ROW: J. Bouroguin, A. C. Sinclair, L. Howden, R. Burrell, G. H. Shapera, D. Hossack;
THIRD ROW: H. Hershfield, S. Zeavin, S. S. Piekoff, V. Bachynski, J. Prendergast, A. Goodwin,
SECOND ROW: P. Angelle, H. Funk, A. Hollenberg, T. Gowron, I. Pearlman, McIntosh; FIRST
ROW: H. Guyot, E. W. Stewart, K. C. McGibbon, A. C. Abbott, D. S. McEwen.



IT IS MY PLEASURE as President of the Honorary Attending Staff of St. Boniface Hospital to convey to you our congratulations in completing your course and to thank you for your untiring work in the past three years.

You have just completed three of the happiest and most interesting years of your life. You are emerging into the world at a time when your profession is needed probably more than at any time in the history of our country. We have watched your work during this period and we are sure that if you carry on with the traditions of the Nursing Profession so ably taught you in our school, that you will not only derive a great sense of personal satisfaction but will also be a great credit to our hospital.

The members of the Honorary Staff wish me to convey to you their best wishes for every success in your chosen profession.

K. C. McGIBBON, M.D.
President of Staff.


To the

GRADUATING CLASS, 1945


CONGRATULATIONS to the Graduating Class of 1945. With your graduation your life work begins. May we wish you every success in it.

There are many fields of endeavour open to you. Each of you will sooner or later no doubt fulfil her destiny and become a homemaker and mother. When you do, the three years of discipline and liberal education and the special knowledge that you have received, will prove of inestimable value in the community in which you are to live. In the meantime no doubt many of you will carry on as private nurses. Some will remain in positions of responsibility in the wards in the hospital, or in the operating room, where it will be your privilege to pass on to new students what you have learned. No doubt some of you will join the armed forces and thus add to the lustre that has come to St. Boniface Nursing school from our nursing sisters of the past. There are always positions in a Doctor's office especially for those who are or will become stenographers, and those who have learned the special technique to become laboratory, X-ray or physio-therapy technicians. New hospitals will be established throughout the country immediately after the war, giving openings for those of you who have executive ability and will take responsibility. The Public Health Nursing Service will claim some of you.

Whatever field of endeavour you may enter you must realize now that you are Graduates of St. Boniface Hospital, that there is a great work for you in the grand new post-war world which is coming. And you must realize that you are to be leaders in this new world. During your training you have done many foolish and thoughtless things for which there was every excuse to the student; that is all now behind you. If you can change the gender of the masculine words in the following stanza, perhaps you will find Kipling's words have a special message for you at this time.



*"Take up the white man's burden—
Have done with childish days,
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood,
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgement of your peers."*



How we oldsters envy you the opportunities that lie in store for you as Graduates of St. Boniface Hospital. May I say to each of you "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace", and all the other good things that should come to you in your devoted life as a graduate nurse!

A. P. MacKINNON, M.D., Ch.M., F.A.C.S., F.R.C.S.,
(Canada)

Editorial

THIS, our graduation day, is always one for much thought—an “in between” spot in our lives from which we look back at what has been done, and forward with ambitious hopes for greater accomplishments. Our past and future hold much in common with those of other graduates. We all recall the birth and gradual growth of our desire to become nurses. Perhaps a chapter in history, or a well written book opened our eyes to the beauties of our profession or perhaps the words and example of others inspired us.

The intervening years have filled their storehouses with the harvest of our work, our heartaches, our joys. Many we’ve helped with a word, a look, or a task well done; many we’ve hurt through our ignorance, our over anxiety, our inexperience. This past and this future we share with those who have travelled before, and with those who will follow us.

But for us, these realities have been colored with a special dye for our years of training have been steeped in a consciousness of a world afflicted by the greatest sufferings ever known, and our years as graduate nurses will begin with the dawn of victory and the tremendous task of nursing humanity back to health.

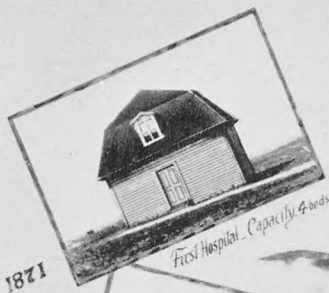
We are grateful to all those who have helped us during the past three years. To the sisters, the doctors, the graduate nurses, and our many friends we extend our heartfelt thanks. A “thank you” also to the co-creators of this book.

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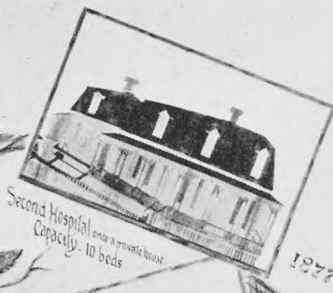
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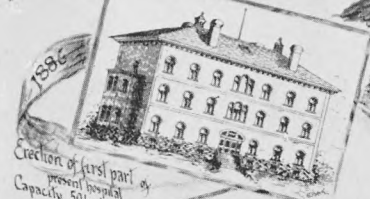
1871

First Hospital Capacity 4 beds



1877

Second Hospital and a private house Capacity 10 beds



1886

Erection of first part of present hospital Capacity 50 beds



Venerable Mother d'Amour
Foundress of the Sisters of Charity, Grey Nuns
1871-1877



1891

North wing erected Capacity increased to 125, accommodation provided for 60 nurses



1905

Construction of south wing Capacity increased to 300 beds

BONIFACE HOSPITAL

ST-BONIFACE, MANITOBA, CANADA



1912

Central portion of building reconstructed increasing capacity to 472 beds, and expanding X-ray and laboratory departments



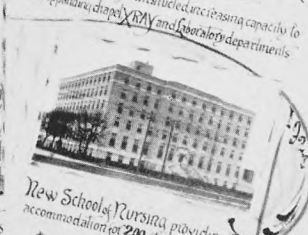
1918

New Out-Patient Department



1923

Fifth Storey to south wing for increased laboratory and research facilities 500 beds



1924

New School Nursing providing accommodation for 200 student Nurses



1929

Communicable diseases 100 beds



Infants' Residence

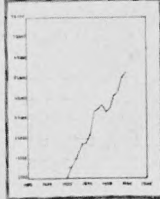
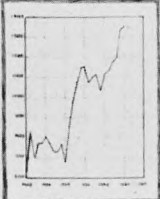
GRADED A-1 AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS



1931

Mam building and Children's Pavilion 290 beds

Patients admitted to St Boniface Hospital from 1915 to 1940 - 248,540



Visits to Out-Patient Department 478,587 - from 1925 to 1940

AFFILIATED with the UNIVERSITY of MANITOBA & TEACHING



BACK Row: left to right—Betty Elliot, President 1st year; Shirley Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer 1st year; Lois McDonald, Vice-President 2nd year; Evelyn Frain, President 2nd year; Noelline Gagnon, Secretary-Treasury 2nd year. FRONT Row: Ethel Seale, Vice-President, 3rd year; Bernice Parrish, President 3rd year; Beth McDonald, Secretary-Treasurer, 3rd year.

The STUDENT COUNCIL

THE success and happiness of any Student Council depends on its ability to work well together and to function in harmony with the students who have placed their confidence in them. This year the fine cooperation shown by the members of the Council in every undertaking and the spirit of fellowship prevailing throughout the residence has been outstanding. It is for this reason we can proudly say that in time the Student Council will exert a great influence in promoting the happiness and welfare of the student nurses of St. Boniface Hospital.

Our aim this year has been to further the opportunities that now exist in our school and to build up a Council that will provide a closer bond between the student and those responsible for her welfare. With this in mind we have drawn up a Constitution which will begin new annals of St. Boniface Hospital Nursing School.

The cooperation given us by our fellow students has been encouraging and the available advice and guidance by Sister Brodeur has been greatly appreciated. It is with regret that we say good-bye but we will remain "Forever Faithful".

B. McDONALD.
B. PARRISH,

Valedictory

TODAY is probably one of the greatest days of our lives. For three years we have been looking forward to the time when our training would be completed and we, as students from St. Boniface Hospital would take our place as graduates, side by side with other members of the Nursing Profession who have passed this way before us. It is impossible to express our feelings in words for they are of an indescribable nature, consisting of surges of joy and pride, pangs of loneliness, and a sense of fear and uncertainty as to what the future may hold for us. We rejoice to have attained sufficient knowledge of nursing to permit us to select some special field of endeavour. We will continue our education through experience and post graduate study, that we may increase our quality of service to suffering humanity.

From today forward, there are a number of our classmates whom we will probably never see again, and it is undoubtedly this which adds a touch of sadness to our day of achievement. By three years of constant association in work and recreation, we have built up strong friendships which are hard to relinquish. As each member of class embarks on a different route a feeling of loneliness overwhelms us and we are tempted to look back over those experiences we have had which, though difficult at times, were, nevertheless, very interesting and wonderful. Let us not, however, spend much time on the past. Life is too short to stand by and accomplish comparatively nothing. It is up to each and every one of us to work for some goal, to aim high to aspire to the fondest dreams our parents ever had for us. We must give the others the best there is in us. Only in this way may we find the satisfaction for which we all strive, and prove by our actions that we are worthy of the task entrusted to us.

It is with simplicity and sincerity that we, individually wish to thank the Reverend Sisters, Doctors, Instructors and Graduates for their assistance and helpful guidance. We only hope that we will not fail to live up to the standards they have set to guide us in this great vocation. A simple "thank you" seems inadequate, somehow, but as we pass from here to unwind the future, we will continue to say "thank you for all you have shown us and given us in our passing," and in a unanimous voice we will echo our motto "Estote Fideles".

Bessie VERMEERSCH.





Pledge

I pledge myself to a life of personal purity and womanly dignity and to the maintenance of the high standards of my profession. I pledge unswerving loyalty to the best traditions of my Alma Mater, and I promise never to take or administer harmful drugs or to become a guilty party to any criminal attempt upon human life.

I pledge perfect fidelity and conscientious obedience to the directions and instructions of the physician or surgeon under whom I am serving and I will devote myself conscientiously, painstakingly and wholeheartedly to the care of the patients whose very lives are committed to my care.

Lastly, I pledge myself to keep sacred and inviolable whatever matters of an intimate nature may come to my knowledge in the home where I am called to serve.



ELIZABETH DEWAR, Selkirk, Man.

Sunny smiles,
Winning ways,
When we see Bette
It's "Happy day!"



DOROTHY HURLE, Brandon, Man.

She looks at you in that special way
And always has something of interest to
say
She's full of spice and lots of fun
Who keeps hearts moving on the run.



BARBARA McPHERSON, Winnipeg, Man.

McPherson is a jolly girl
As clever as can be,
Nursing is not her final goal,
She wants to be an M.D.



BERTHA LOWEN, Norwood, Man.

Lowen has a little lamp
A well learned lamp no doubt,
And every time that sister comes,
The little lamp goes out.



SHEILA MARTIN, Winnipeg, Man.

"Look" yawns this sleepy head,
"You should have pulled me out of bed
And leaned me up against the wall,
Instead of just that little call."



BERNICE PARRISH, Winnipeg, Man.

Even when she has a cold
We joy to hear her speak,
For words of wisdom from her fall,
In spite of croak or squeak.



BETH McDONALD, Rossburn, Man.

An attractive girl, a friendly miss,
Everyone will agree with this.
Not a thing does this girl lack,
Yes indeed that's our friend Mac.



MARGARET OLSEN, Pennant, Sask.

She looked down Youville hall one night
And saw a very pretty sight,
And to her friends that she did meet,
"There's flowers growing on that street."

MAY ARMSTRONG, Rossburn, Man.

When in class your brains take a rest
Find Army, she'll help you her very best,
Yes Sir, when bewildered and lacking
insight
Answers from this girl are always right.

LYDIA ANDREWS, Coulter, Man.

Thoughtful, considerate and always kind,
These are the things in Andrews you'll
find,
No dreary task will she shirk
For she's conscientious about her work.

BETTY CURRIE, Regina, Sask.

You can have your bloodhounds,
wolfhounds, and greyhounds but Betty
will take a "Scottie" any day.

RUTH COLLINS, Melfort, Sask.

As dainty as a dresden doll,
With red curly hair, but that's not all,
She's a good nurse as everyone knows,
Remember her old friends on St. Jos?

JACQUELINE de BONDY, Selkirk, Man.

In a ward where they gargle and swab
All the hearts were beginning to throb,
When de Bondy was there,
They hung signs everywhere,
"Please keep out" to discourage the mob.

ANNE CWIAK, Balmoral, Man.

About this girl no one knows,
Just what she does or where she goes
About her work she's neat as a pin,
And she and Skurzie are like Haddy and
Fin.

SARA GIESBRECHT, North Kildonan, Man.

A braided crown adorns her head.
When the buzzer goes she's in her bed
She's careful not to break a rule
This stoic hero of our school.

MARY DYCK, Gretna, Man.

She always does her very best
Even at work we all detest,
She's the very nurse ideal,
Her traits from her we'd like to steal.





ETHEL SEALE — Herbert, Sask.

With her enthusiastic talk
And her energetic walk
She's so hale and hearty
She's the life of any party.



IMOGENE SCHWEGMAN — Estevan, Sask.

Beauty stalked when she arrived
When she leaves we'll be deprived,
Of fairness, tallness and the rest,
But we'll all be wishing Schwag the best.



DOROTHY SOBERING, Gretna, Man.

She liked to sit and sew a seam
Read a book and spin a dream.
But it doesn't last without a doubt
When the gang's all going out.



IRENE SHEEHAN, Winnipeg, Man.

Her artistic ability, dry wit and quiet sense
of humor combine to make a very interesting personality.



MAR SKELLY, Winnipeg, Man.

Now Skell, we don't want to be a bore
Nor do we want to get you "Thor"
Of the end results we are aware,
But did you fall up, or down the stair?



CLARA THIESSEN, Dalmeny, Sask.

Outdoor sports, indoor games
Athletic pastimes are her fame.
We can put in her report
Clara is a darn good sport.



BESSIE VERMEERSCH, St. Alphonse

Along the path of useful life
Will Bessies smile e'er loom,
Her busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, care, or gloom.



RUTH WEBSTER — Roland, Man.

Dark hair, fair skin,
Blue eyes, friendly grin,
Irish heart that we know
Her true green she'll always show.

ELLA POPP, Langenburg, Sask.

Infectious laugh
Sparkling eyes
She's the one who always cries
"Hey kids, come on out."

YVONNE RYCKEBOSCH, Watson, Sask.

Sickie?
Quickie!
Call Rickie!



MARY SANDERS, Snowflake, Man.

She thinks she's 4f — losing weight,
We think she's A1 — gaining rate
Good stories of her we can tell,
Summed up in one word, "Swell".

HELEN SKURZANSKI, Winnipeg, Man.

Paderewski once had to defer
A big concert, but he just said, "Sir,
To play the pianski,
Please call out Skurzanski.
I used to take lessons from her".



NOELLIE TUCKER, Ste. Rose du Lac, Man.

Ever hear her say "Parlez-vous Français?"
Maybe that gives her, her cute way.
But uttering "Je vous aime beaucoup"
They always stay to her true blue."

JOAN WILLIAMS, Minnedosa, Man.

In her sweet maternal way,
She's the madonna in every play.
But a halo wouldn't fit her head
When she puts peanuts in Tuckers bed.



ANNA WIEBE, Wymark, Sask.

Insommia seems to improve her humor
Without a doubt for it's no rumor,
Her hearty laugh, most of the while,
"From the saddest elicits a responsive
smile.





BETTY BIRD, Winnipeg, Man.

This dimpled lass sailed even across the sea
And true to England she will be.
When cycling, let there no red light be seen
For that's when Betty herself will turn green!



SADIE BERG, Altona, Man.

The evening awakes to a harmonious chord
We snap awake no longer bored.
You may put ice before her name,
But when Sadie plays, she plays the game.



FERN FERGUSON, Augustusville, Man.

At any little "tete-a-tete",
Fergie always heads the debate
With head tilted and quissical glance
"What do you mean by that perchance?"



HELEN CRAIG — Newdale, Man.

She's proud of each task given,
To labor at day by day
She gives her patients strength and hope
To sweep sad hours away.



JEAN GUPPY — Prairie Grove, Man.

Jeannie with the light brown hair,
Blue grey eyes and complexion fair,
She often sighs, but she smiles too
And to her friends she's always true.



RITA FISHER, Prince Albert, Sask.

Rain, rain go away
Come again another day,
Fisher grins, the lucky girl
'Cause her hair still keeps it's curl.



LILLIAN HOWE — Minnedosa, Man.

The striking thing about her
Is the dimple in her chin.
She soaks her hair in olive oil
To make McIntyre grin.



SALLIE GOODMAN, Selkirk, Man.

Six feet four looms on high
With elephantine grace,
And beams upon the company
Of Sallie's smiling face.

ELEANOR KUSMIRE, Estevan, Sask.

Storm and sunshine rolled in one,
Quick with fury when wrong is done,
Plump and hearty, joking the while,
Just you tease her and she will smile.

WILHELMINA IMBERY — Estevan, Sask.

Flashing eyes and quick as lightning
Full of pranks and often fighting
Doctors, grads, and sister too
Will all be sad now Imbery's through!

ELLA McCAFFREY, Manitou, Man.

A better nurse you may never meet,
She's kind to all and a friend so sweet,
But who can trust her with secrets deep
If she must talk all night in her sleep?

LOUISA HAYES — Rose Valley, Sask.

Who's the round faced charming doll?
Who's got plenty on the ball?
Who's to share her future days?
Don't ask us, ask Louie Hayes.

CLAUDIA ROSSET, St. Claude, Man.

We all agree it means so much,
To have Miss Rossett's feminine touch,
To plan and create with skill and grace;
In our hearts she's won a place.

DOROTHY PAYNE, Balmoral, Man.

She has rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes
She walks in a dream and awaits surprise
At mealtime her food she may neglect
For she can live on the letters she gets.

IOLA LOBB — Melfort, Sask.

Here is one who does her work,
Who never does her duty shirk
In spite of troubles, sickness too,
She always has a smile for you.

FRANCIS McINTYRE, MacNutt, Sask.

Her aristocratic looks
You may read about in books.
Her healthful disposition,
She owes to her physician.





Sister MARY SIMPHOROSE (Felician)
Detroit, Michigan

A sister white and tall
Sweeping gently down the hall
O.R. is her line
For America she does pine.



Sister MARY WALBURGA (Felician)
Grandview, Man.

From America she came
In Canada she trained
Nursing care is her fame
Cheering the sick and the maimed.



Sister ORESTE (S.S.M.I.), Mundare, Alberta

Quiet shy but steady
To help others she's always ready.
Timid she seems to be,
But you just watch and wait and see.



Sister SYLVIA (S.S.M.I.), Mundare, Alberta

Short, quick and happy,
Her work just goes so snappy.
Surgery and medicine are her choice
In either one she will rejoice.

Honorary Prizes

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Presented by St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae
Awarded to BESSIE VERMEERSH

BEDSIDE NURSING

Presented by Doctor C. R. Rice
Awarded to NOELLIE TUCKER

OBSTETRICAL NURSING

Presented by Dr. S. Kobrinsky and Dr. H. Guyot
Awarded to BETH McDONALD

CHARTING

Presented by Doctor M. Rady
Awarded to LYDIA ANDREWS

HIGHEST STANDING IN THEORY

Presented by Col. J. D. Adamson, R.C.A., M.C.
Awarded to HELEN CRAIG

EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Presented by Birks-Dingwall Limited
Awarded to BERNICE PARRISH





Rev. Sister M. Trottier

returned to St. Boniface in May 1944 after completing a two-year course at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., where she obtained her Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education.

On July 1944 she was welcomed to the nurses residence to take her position as Assistant Superintendent and Instructress of Nurses. A few of the subjects she teaches are Hygiene, Ethics, Gynecology, Orthopedics and Communicable Diseases. Besides this work she is also the Directress of the Children of Mary Sodality. As student nurses, we unanimously say that we enjoy having her with us as Superintendent, Instructress and Directress.

Our Instructresses



Mrs. R. McNaughton

Our former Nursing Arts Instructress, Mrs. R. McNaughton (Miss I. Troendle) took her High School education in Windthorst, Sask., her home town. After a Normal Course at Regina she went on to the in Saskatchewan. Graduating from S.B.H. in 1940 she obtained "Catholic University of America in Washington, where she obtained credits in Nursing Education. As we wish her good-bye and good luck we want to assure her once more of our sincere gratitude.



Miss M. McKenzie

was born and educated in North Portal, Sask. After completing her Normal Course, she taught in her own home town. She entered St. Boniface School of Nursing, and graduated from our school in September 1944 as a medalist in the highest standing in theory. In January 1945 she accepted the position as Nursing Arts Instructor at the St. Boniface School of Nursing. We wish to welcome her and wish her every success in her career.



Miss Grace Spice

Miss Spice was born and educated in Winnipeg. She attended the University of Manitoba and graduated from there in 1931 with a Bachelor of Science degree. She trained as a nurse in Brooklyn Hospital, New York, and returned to Winnipeg in 1941 to write her R.N. She instructed at the Winnipeg General Hospital until 1942 when she came to St. Boniface.

THIS job gets both more difficult and more pleasant as year book time comes around each season. The difficult part comes in when I try to phrase the good advice and good wishes in new words. After all the advice and the wishes are much the same for each class that graduates and I can do no better than to refer you to last year's issue. I am of the same opinion still re marriage vs. a career for nurses, professional opportunities and professional obligations. So please read S.B.S.N. Year Book, 1944, page 23. B. McPherson sells them at half price now). As far as marriage goes, I think you have an advantage over former graduates in that Dr. Bird really got warmed up to the subject of Child Guidance this time and you should feel well prepared to take on the responsibility of raising a family.

The pleasant part comes from the fact that each class that graduates seems to be more really mine. This, you know will be the first time I will be able to go to graduation and sit and look at what were actually my probies! I will be able to say to myself: "Now look, there are all those people who have been tried in the fire and found to be pure gold, people who not so long ago thought rickets caused softening of the bones and bacteria were bugs and that elements meant the weather. My, my I will say, what changes have been made from the days when they thought they breathed with their lungs, loved with their hearts and slept best on their stomachs. Of course I will have to remind myself, these changes won't be obvious to the casual onlooker, there will be other changes that will be more noticeable to parents and friends on this momentous day. But I think that the changes you and I know about are just as important as any a layman will be able to see.

Mrs. McNaughton doesn't get to have a whole page for herself in the Year Book this time but she has authorized me to extend to you her very best wishes for the future. My wishes for the class of 1945 are these: that you will all enjoy life and get real satisfaction out of practicing your profession.

Sincerely,

GRACE SPICE.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTRESSES

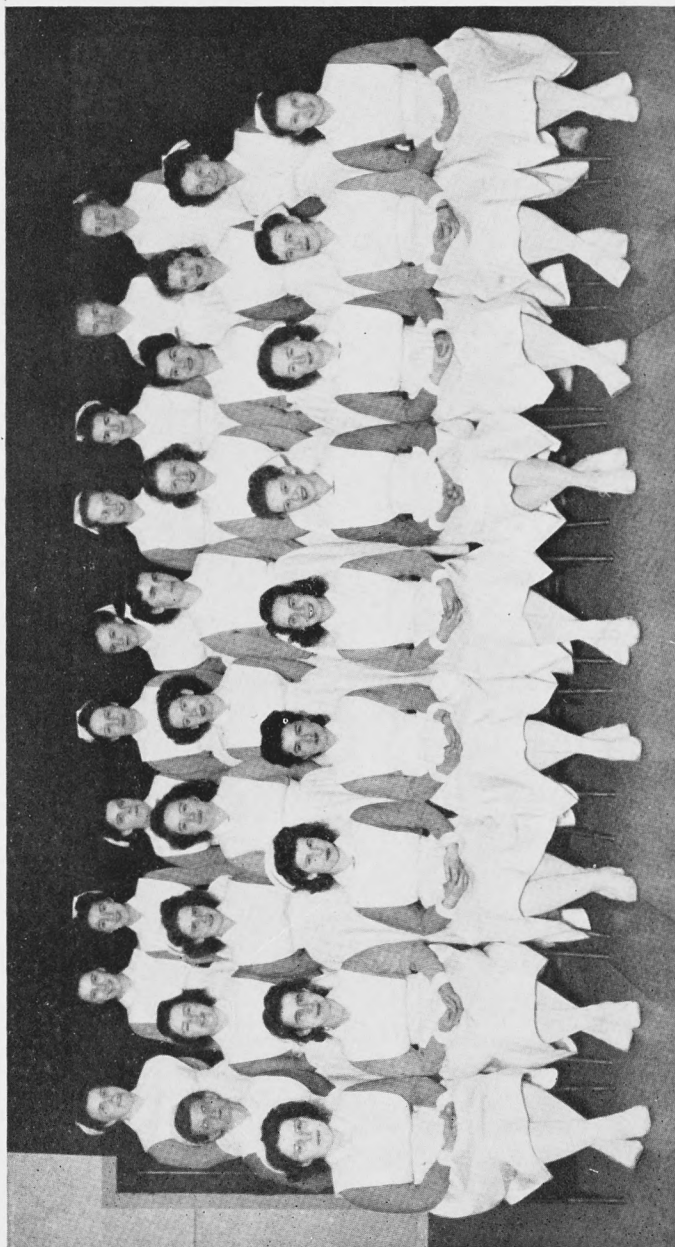
| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Obstetrics..... | MRS. R. SALA |
| Pediatrics..... | MISS H. LINN |
| Dietetics..... | MISS L. SKERMETKA |



A Nurse's PRAYER...

THE WORLD GROWS BRIGHTER YEAR BY YEAR,
BECAUSE SOME NURSE IN HER LITTLE SPHERE
PUTS ON HER APRON, AND SMILES, AND SINGS,
AND KEEPS ON DOING THE SAME OLD THINGS
TAKING THE TEMPERATURES, GIVING THE PILLS
TO REMEDY MANKIND'S NUMEROUS ILLS,
FEEDING THE BABIES, ANSWERING THE BELLS,
BEING POLITE WITH A HEART THAT REBELS.
LONGING FOR HOME, AND ALL THE WHILE
WEARING THE SAME OLD PROFESSIONAL SMILE,
BLESSING THE NEW BORN BABY'S FIRST BREATH,
CLOSING THE EYES THAT ARE STILLED IN DEATH.
TAKING THE BLAME FOR ALL MISTAKES,
OH, DEAR! WHAT A LOT OF PATIENCE IT TAKES,
GOING OFF DUTY AT SEVEN O'CLOCK,
BUT CALLED OUT TO HELP AT SEVEN-FIFTEEN,
WITH WOE IN THE HEART THAT MUST NOT BE SEEN
MORNING AND EVENING, NOON AND NIGHT,
JUST DOING IT OVER, HOPING IT'S RIGHT,
WHEN WE REPORT OFF TO CROSS THE BAR,
DEAR LORD, WILL YOU GIVE US -
JUST ONE LITTLE STAR
TO WEAR ON THE CAP
OF OUR UNIFORM NEW-
*In the ward above,
where the head nurse
IS YOU...*

Class of 46



FRONT Row: left to right—B. Gilmour, G. Alarie, F. Peel, H. Shead, I. Wallwin, M. Hutchison, M. McKay, S. Krawchuk, H. Warkentin. MIDDLE Row: M. Voth, B. Elliot, Marg. McKay, G. White, M. Leithead, L. Haskell, E. Syslack, J. Sabourin, N. Lyons, X. Hrushowy. THIRD Row: E. McBride, A. Semair, N. Gagnon, C. Leach, I. Hebert, A. Gleboff, D. Mullin, P. Martin, M. Steeves, D. Cameron.

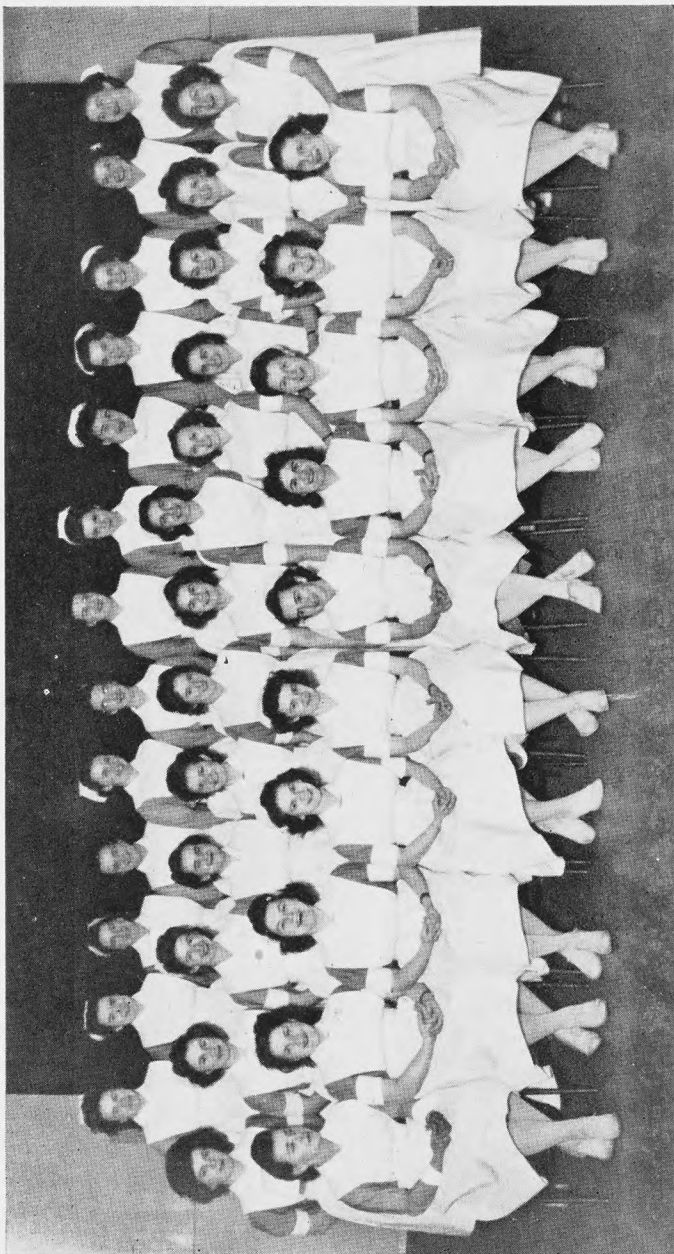
PASSING PARADE

The year has rolled 'round,
(Time has passed mighty quick),
May we add a few views
Of the class of "46"?

First comes Batty, the wit,
Of our classmates all.
Beattie her roommate,
Trailing her down the hall.
Just a minute, what's that?
Has the opera arrived?
It's just Beigler on second,
No, no one has died.
Then comes Cameron,
With a ready smile
And Ferg, she's serious —
Once in awhile.
Gagnon, our banker, left
holding the purse;
Gleboff, the dainty, the cute
little nurse.
Grayston, what's this we hear
about a man?
Fraim, the best ever, heads
our little clan.
Haskell, our Shorty, a gay one to meet.
When it comes to real nursing,
She's a hard one to beat.
Hebert, saying loudly, "Look
girls, a new hair".
Leach whose dark eyes would
make any man stare.
Night duty awaits, not Leithead
again
"Oh, but I can't I've got a date then."
Martin, her talents are hard
to excell.
Mercier, our French little
mademoiselle
Who's that in the carriage
being wheeled thru the door?
It must be McBride—
another uproar.
There's a loud cry for "Ricky"
Mullin must be near by.
Sabourin, lamenting, "Oh Gee
Kid, why?"
Steves, who believes that men
are a curse.
And then there's Simair —
patient or nurse?
White's in the hallway, "Are
you going out?"
She's starving again, without
any doubt.
Lyons, our blond, so graceful
and slender.
Her mail box is full —
the letters they send her.
Alarie comes next, words
ne'er cause her alarm.
Oh! Oh! here comes Coutts

with "I'll break your arm."
Cruse, conscientious, faithful
and kind.
Evans, has she just nursing
in mind?
Did I hear a book just drop
on the floor?
It must be Gilmour
starting to snore.
H-rush-away here and
dash-a-way there.
Hutchy, a limping along the stair.
Hyland, our wee one, so gay
and so sweet.
Krawchuck to know her is
really a treat.
Loewen, or "Wiggy" to all her
friends
Her kindness to others just never ends.
Mackay "bonnie lassie frae
oot Scotland way".
Manson, her laughter, resounds
all the day.
McBean may seem quiet,
Don't let that deceive you.
McCarthy, her spelling, we
simply must see to.
Roll call is over, there's one missing
yet,
It must be McDonald, how
much do you bet?
There's a buzzer ringin, a
mad dash on fifth floor.
McKay's expecting a phone call —
just what is the score?
Peel, sadly lamenting, "I'll
never get through
Along comes Shead.
"What are you going to do?"
Sellick, the red head, just raring to go.
Voth's here to learn, not to
put on a show.
Thomas, or "Tommy", at sports
she excells.
When it comes to studies — oh
how she rebels.
Wallwin, who dresses so smart
and so chic.
My land sakes alive, was
that Warkentin's shriek?
Our tale's almost over
But it just couldn't end
Without adding the names
And best wishes we send
To our Sister Baumann
Now back in our midst.
And Hryn, jolly sport,
Whom we've all greatly missed.
And now we have finished
Just give this a mix
And you'll have the concoction
Of the class of "46".

The "THREE MACS" from "fifth"



THIRD ROW: H. Funk, E. Duchesneau, R. Jory, M. Janzen, O. Enns, D. Carson, L. Gold, E. Penner, S. Johnstone, M. Clarke; M. Kane, E. Mitchell, J. Wilcock. SECOND ROW: P. Boucher, M. Robin, D. Martin, G. Corniat, A. Janeski, E. Bailey, L. Smits, C. Lysakowski, R. Foord, A. Kozak, J. Thomson, V. Dolinski, A. Antoniuk, FRONT ROW: H. Lipka, G. Prevost, G. Gleeson, S. Drysdale, R. Glynn, E. Nivon, E. Zanyk, D. Bludoff, D. Donald, C. Linn. MISSING: E. Beckman, E. Button, A. Elliot, M. Lendrum, V. Miles, A. O'Keefe, I. Stewart, E. Turnbull, L. Baker, P. Gold, E. Guppy, P. Houston, K. Kennedy, F. McFeetors, G. Baxter, P. Scott, E. Thomsen, M. Waschendorf.

St. Boniface Hospital

PROGRESS NOTES

| Name | Ima Capp | Doctor Doe | Ward | Infirmary |
|-------------------|--|------------|------|-----------|
| Date | | | | |
| January 10, 1944 | Entered S.B.H. walking hesitantly. | | | |
| | Entrance complaints: | | | |
| | 1. A sinking sensation in epigastric region. | | | |
| | 2. Palpation with fibrillation. | | | |
| | 3. Profuse diaphoresis. | | | |
| | 4. Biceps femoris non-functioning. | | | |
| January 12, 1944 | Taken to class room "a peds". | | | |
| | Examined per educational staff. | | | |
| | Results — not encouraging. | | | |
| | Treatment as follows: | | | |
| | 1. Mental exercise 7 hours per day. | | | |
| | 2. Complete bed rest after 10 p.m. | | | |
| | 3. Restricted Social Activities. | | | |
| February 25, 1944 | To Wards: | | | |
| February 27, 1944 | Initial findings: | | | |
| | 1. Sore feet. | | | |
| | 2. Broken backs. | | | |
| | 3. Corns and calluses. | | | |
| May 14, 1944 | Stimulant — Capped social restrictions lifted. | | | |
| | Standing Orders — 8 months hard labor. | | | |
| January 9, 1945 | Mental Rate per University of Manitoba— | | | |
| February 8, 1945 | Departmental Report: | | | |
| | 1. One blue band. | | | |
| | 2. No discharges. | | | |
| | Treatment recommended: | | | |
| | Continued exposure to education. | | | |
| | Prognosis — GRADUATION — 1947. | | | |

PROGRESS NOTES

CHEER UP!

The WORST
is
YET TO COME
!

FIRST
DAY
IN
TRAINING

2:00 p.m.

"Coming in on a wing
a prayer."



8:00 p.m.

"Mother, what'll I do
now?"



OH MOTHER!

TIE ME TO
YOUR
APRON-strings
AGAIN!

THE
FIRST
MORNING
FIRST
DAY
IN
CLASS

"OH! How I Hate to Get
up in the morning"

Buzz-zzz
zzz-zzz



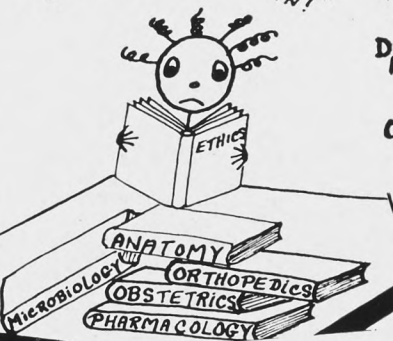
FIRST
MEAL

"Ma! I Miss your Apple Pie."



"Don't FENCE ME IN!"

FIRST
DAY
ON
WARDS

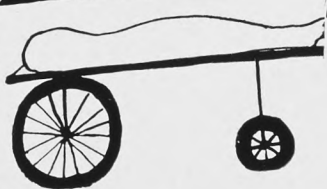
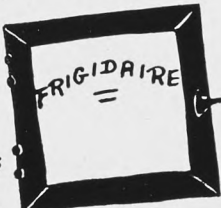


"MY MOTHER TOLD ME THERE'D BE
MOMENTS LIKE THIS!"

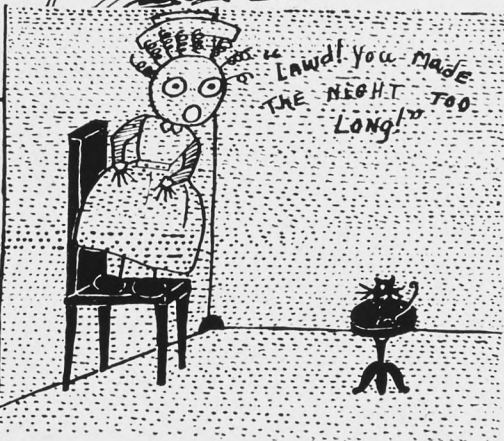


FIRST
TRIP
TO
THE
MORGUE

"Behind The Swinging Doors!"



FIRST
JUNIOR
NIGHTS



"Lawd! You Made
THE NIGHT TOO
Long!"

for Girls

If you can hear the whispering about you,
And never yield to deal in whispers, too;
If you can bravely smile when loved ones doubt you
And never doubt, in turn, what loved ones do;
If you can keep a sweet and gentle spirit
In spite of fame or fortune, rank or place,
And though you win your goal or only near it,
Can win with poise or lose with equal grace;
If you can meet with Unbelief, believing,
And hallow in your heart a simple Creed.
If you can meet Deception, undeceiving,
And learn to look to God for all you need;
If you can be what girls should be to mothers:
Chums in joy and comrades in distress,
And be unto others as you'd have the others
Be unto you — no more, and yet no less:
If you can keep within your heart the power
To say that firm, unconquerable "No";
If you can brave a present shadowed hour,
Rather than yield to build a future woe;
If you can love, yet not let loving master,
But keep yourself within your own self's clasp,
And not let Dreaming lead you to disaster,
Nor Pity's fascination loose your grasp:
If you can lock your heart on confidences,
Nor ever needlessly in turn confide;
If you can put behind you all pretenses
Or mock humility or foolish pride;
If you can keep the simple, homely virtue
Of walking right with God — then have no fear
That anything in all the world can hurt you—
And — which is more — you'll be a Woman, dear.

By J. P. McEvoy,
Suggested by Kipling's "IF".

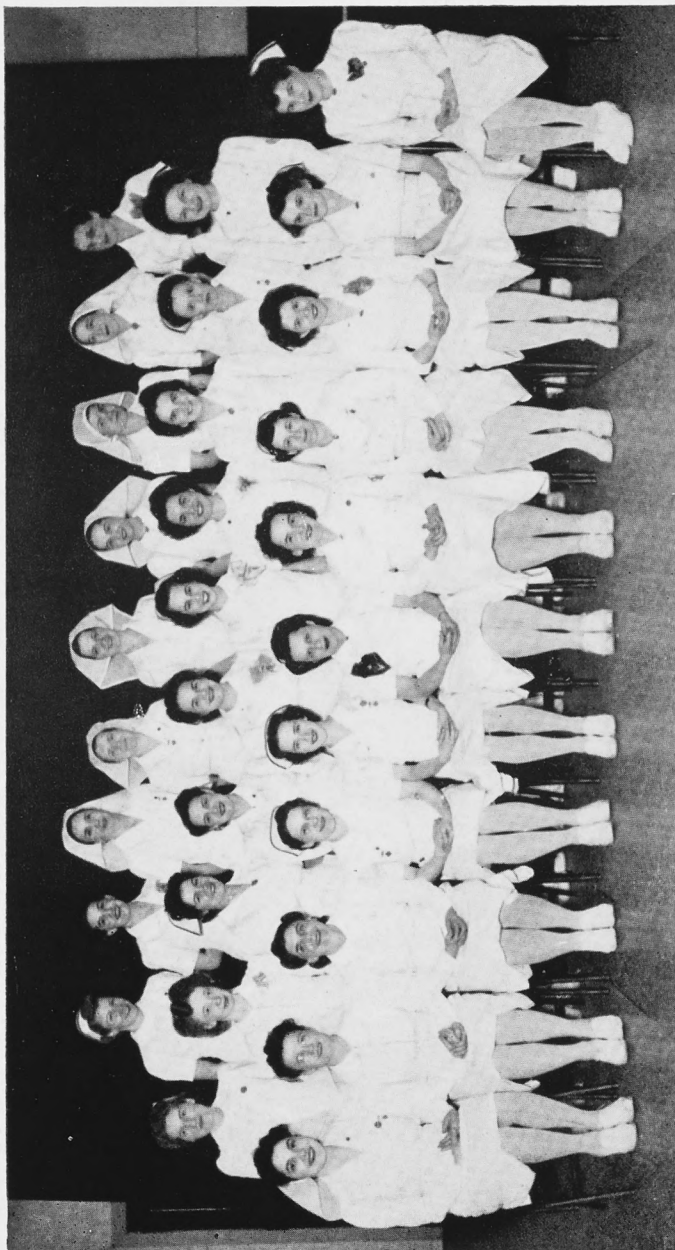
To the GRADUATES

ANOTHER class has successfully passed along the path-way of training, and reached the final glorious destination — Graduation, and we, the probationers of 1945, stand at the very beginning of that path, watching them go. They have weathered the storm, and surmounted the obstacles that have loomed ahead, and now, the future stretches out before them with all its shining opportunity and adventure.

We wish them luck in whatever they may do, and we feel that they will achieve glorious ends, for they have behind them the backing of a marvelous institution, and the best possible training. Some day we hope to be in their positions, but in the meantime we will try to follow the fine example set by those who have gone before us, until we too are ready to take our places with them in the service of mankind.

The PROBATIONERS.

Staff Nurses



FRONT Row: left to right—J. Dziedzic, F. McTavish, G. Spice, H. Linn, M. McPherson, Mrs. Dumais, M. Newman, G. Carignan, K. Dane, C. Prior, S. Benoit, SECOND Row: M. MacKenzie, A. Merlevede, C. Douglas, Mrs. Sala, M. Trumbula, S. Gage, I. Yawney, J. Hodsdan, Mrs. Smith, F. Sponarski, THIRD Row: Mrs. McKay, C. De Pape, Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Baisley, E. Heuston, Mrs. McLean, Z. Beattie, C. Bourgeault, Mrs. Gendall.

ALUMNAE

*So it's giving and doing for somebody else,
On that all life's splendor depends
And the joy of the world when it's all figured up
Is found in the making of friends.*

—Author Unknown.

The regular monthly meetings of the Alumnae are held every second Wednesday of each month, eight-fifteen p.m. at the Nurse's Residence. For the duration it has been decided the meetings will be held every second month in the same place at the same time. Each member of the Alumnae is expected to attend the Red Cross Meetings held at the Civic Auditorium every Monday evening.

I congratulate you one and all on your achieved successes — Your Alumnae needs your support, you need ours.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Honorary President</i> | REV. SISTER CLERMONT |
| <i>President</i> | Z. L. BEATTIE |
| <i>1st Vice-President</i> | L. THOMPSON |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> | E. COLLISTER |
| <i>2nd Vice-President</i> | MRS. ROBINSON |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MRS. A. W. SMITH |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> | C. DEPAPE |
| <i>Archivist</i> | MRS. T. HULEVE |

CONVENERS

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Sick Visiting</i> | A. DELABARRIERE |
| <i>Social and Programme</i> | S. GAGE |
| <i>Membership</i> | V. PEACOCK |

REPRESENTATIVES

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Local Council of Women</i> | MRS. P. BIBAUD |
| <i>Canadian Nurse</i> | H. LINN |
| <i>M.A.R.N.</i> | M. MACKENZIE |
| <i>Directory</i> | I. SKINNER |
| <i>Red Cross</i> | MRS. M. KERR |

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

REV. SISTER BRODEUR, M. GRICE, MRS. LAPORTE, C. BOURGEAULT, M. GIBSON

ACTIVITIES

January 1944 — Annual Dinner meeting, Auditorium Out Patient Department.
April — Spring Dance, Roseland Dance Gardens.
March — C.N.R. Travelog film, Mr. Fox-Decent.
May — Rehabilitation of the Tuberculosis Patient, Mr. Cummings.
Dinner at Moores, Honor of the Graduating Class.
September — Nurse and Tuberculosis, Dr. K. Johnson.
November — Business Meeting.
Annual Fall Dance — at the Marlborough Hotel.

Make new friends by joining your Alumnae.



HONOUR ROLL

OVERSEAS

*Helen Campbell
 Marjory McCulloch
 Marjory Lounds
 Agnes Maloney
 Mrs. Birnie (Wastle)
 Mrs. I. Frank (Govenlock)
 Anne Chapman
 Irene Millar
 Kay MacKinnin
 Margaret Anderson
 Wilma Sirrett
 Honore Grettoren
 Anne Lepinski
 Flora Lacroix
 Audrey Jarvis
 Eileen Morton
 Eleanor Staples
 Mary Ridley
 Marjory Alexander
 Pearl Graham
 Beatrice Shaw
 Florence Spencer
 Jean Pinckney
 Marion Jerrom*

AMERICAN ACTIVE SERVICE

*Eleanor Swan
 Annie Malone
 Mina McKnight
 Audrey Benoit
 Donna Benoit
 Helen Kirkpatrick
 Helen Gilmore
 Vivian Gladie
 Esther FitzHenry
 Cecilia Sexton*

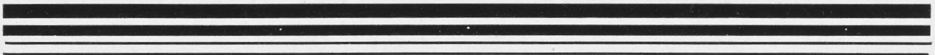
IN CANADA

*Kay McCallum
 Signe Johnson
 Rita Kenway
 Florence Jacques
 Anna Osberg
 Hazel Wall
 Jane Roberts
 Evelyn Phaneuf
 Marjory Waterman*

DIED OVERSEAS

Frances Polygren (Army)

Unfortunately this list is far from complete — if you know of any corrections or additions please notify the St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae.



Mrs. Rosemary E. Stuart

(Editor's Note: Mrs. Rosemary Elizabeth Stuart is the first woman in the British Empire to hold degrees both as registered nurse and attorney-at-law. She graduated from St. Boniface Hospital in 1933 after attending Wesley College and the University of Manitoba where she took a "pre-med" course. Two days after her graduation she married Norman Stuart, Secretary of the Liberal Association from 1934 to 1939. He died in 1940, leaving her with a three-year-old son, Norman Osborne. In 1939 she decided to take up law and in 1941 she entered the firm of Parker, Smith and Parker, of which she is now a member.)

THE evidence that my loss of contact with the nursing profession in the past few years has not resulted in my name being completely forgotten, comes as a pleasant surprise. I am deeply appreciative of the honour that has been done me in enabling me to be once again associated, in the pages of the St. Boniface Hospital Nurse's Year Book, with those young women who have been choosing nursing as their life's work.

Nursing is indeed, one profession which any young woman may be proud to call her own, for it is founded on the highest altruistic sentiments of the human heart, and its tradition is a history of unselfish and devoted care in the service of humanity. By entering the profession the nurse accepts the tradition for her own and declares her readiness to bring to her work inexhaustible patience and benevolence. But she knows also, that, although attending to the caprices of the impatient sick, will, at times, be very trying, still at other times she will have the enriching experience of ministering to those heroic souls who bear their afflictions with patience, and who are able to smile in spite of the agony that tortures their bodies. She knows too, that occasionally she will have the deep and lasting satisfaction which comes from the realization that her unremitting care has been the main factor in restoring some grievously ill person to the bosom of his family.

If mankind is the greatest of God's works, then ministering to suffering mankind must be an honoured and privileged occupation. Like the Vestal of Roman times who was honoured and respected for having devoted her life to the care of the sacred flame the nurse of today is honoured and respected for devoting herself to the care of another sacred flame; she has devoted herself to the care of the sacred flame of human life and of the vessel wherein it burns.

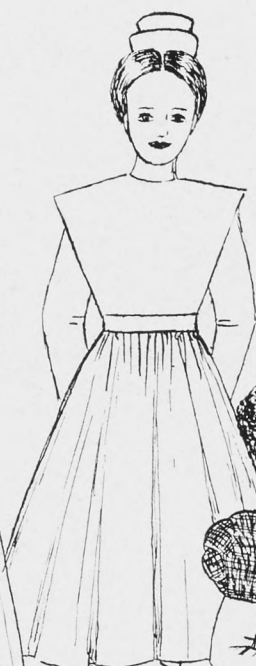
Although circumstances have taken me away from active nursing, they have not taken the interest in nursing away from me. The training which develops in one a sympathetic understanding of all human frailties and teaches one to be ever thoughtful of the health and happiness of others becomes an integral part of one's being; the mind and heart become stored with knowledge and sentiment that time cannot erase and nursing becomes not so much a way of making a living as a way of living.

Awareness of these enduring qualities of our common training assures me that I shall always remain a nurse and leads me to hope that, separated as I may be from my sister nurses, I will always be considered one of them, and on occasions like this respond with them to that lofty injunction, "Estote Fideles."

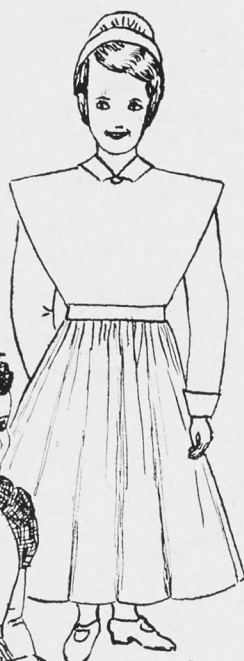
Rosemary E. STUART, R.N., L.L.B.



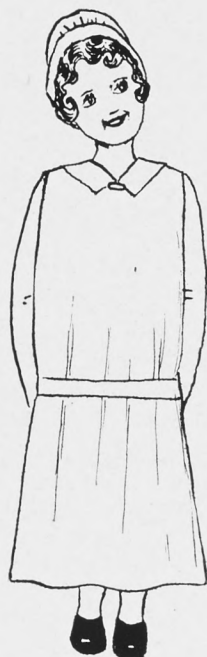
1905



1909



1924



1928



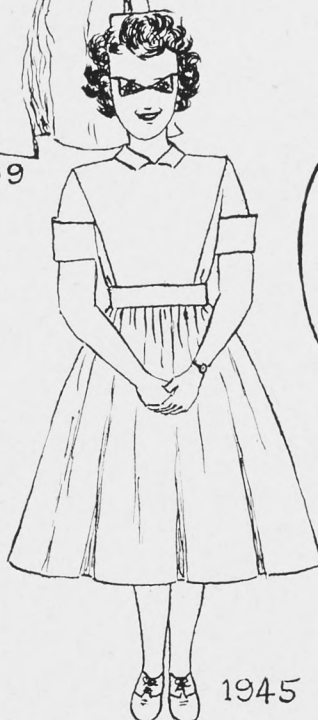
1899



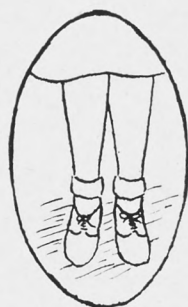
1931



1941



1945



1946
?

REHABILITATION

THE problem of rehabilitation of our armed forces is one that has received wide publicity of late, but unfortunately only too few people realize it is more than a nebulous phrase defining a yet more nebulous subject. There has been a spate of informed and near-informed articles in the magazines, all ending on the high and happy note that all will be well with loving kindness at the reins. Unfortunately loving kindness is not a very effective weapon with which to aid the reorientation of the returned service man.

The whole problem of rehabilitation is one of vast scope, in which is included such items as education, re-education, grants and gratuities, as well as the more personal aspects. It is manifestly impossible to attempt a complete or even partially complete consideration of this problem, but there is room here for a reasonably sensible discussion of the part that you as an individual and as a nurse can play in this national effort.

The returning soldier has a large variety of problems to face when he comes back to "civvy street". There is first of all the loss of his comrades and their close companionship. This will be made all the more poignant because he will be returning to a community of strangers. Strangers not only in the community, but in the home a swell. After five or more years away from home his children will be unknown to him, and he to them, his own family will have suffered many changes of which he was unaware.

The aide of incurious friends, who will accept him as another member of the group, and not necessarily as a man from Mars, can be of great help in some cases. In others, there may be a need for "mental catharsis" before the man can begin to adjust himself. Within the limits of these two extremes there are many individual variants which cannot be guessed at until the particular case is encountered.

Now we deal with the individual. Just exactly what is done for him when he returns? Naturally the first step is to help him regain his health — if it is necessary. He is cleared through one of our military hospitals, where the best of medical, surgical and phyciatric care is given him. He then meets the rehabilitation board — who gives him any assistance he may desire. He is offered a further education either in a university or vocational school. If he has a trade he may be helped to start a business of his own, or if he wishes he may be assisted in a farm grant, or whatever is his particular field.

Despite the fact that all this is being done for the returned soldier, much depends on us. A normal return to civilian life can be helped or hindered by us so we must not be unduly sympathetic. We must not try to be a mature psychologists, and force him to do things he does not wish to do; we must be helpful but not inquisitive, understanding but not down-hearted. It is because any scheme of rehabilitation is dependent on the personal relations of the soldier and those to whom he is emotionally attracted, that the success of this scheme is the responsibility of every citizen in Canada.

Many graduate nurses of the S.B.H., especially the class of '44 are employed at Deer Lodge Hospital. One of them writes:

"In many respects nursing in a military hospital is fundamentally the same as nursing anywhere else yet in other instances it is vastly different. Nurses here understand their patients far better because the boys usually are in the hospital for several months. During combat duty they may have received a serious injury to the spinal cord resulting in paraplegis or they may have lost an arm or a leg or they may be suffering from shock. Whatever their ailment may be, they get to know the hospital routine and the nurses who have taken care of them. In this way the nurse gains a better understanding of the patients social background which aids in the "rehabilitation of the soldier" and creates a happier atmosphere.

The atmosphere in a miltiary hospital is exceptional. In most cases the boys feel at home the minute they step inside the door because most of the hospital personnel from the administrative heads down are returned veterans like themselves. This creates a feeling of kinship and "camaraderie" throughout the institution.

The boys are wonderful — no matter what their different afflictions are they resolve "to make the most of a trying situation and Keep Smiling".

Margaret LEITHEAD, '46.

My Life at the San

*I lie content in my soft bed
Five pillows 'neath my weary head
And three beneath my tired knees
So I can spend my life at ease.*

*Counting the stars up in the sky
Listening to footsteps passing by
Wishing I was on duty again
While thoughts of home torment my brain.
Still I keep smiling on
Recalling the days already gone
And thinking of the days ahead
When I'll be able to forget my bed.*

—N. FREDKOWSKI.



Life at the Sanatorium

« « « « « « « « **As I See It**

Since the beginning of my illness last December, the St. Boniface Hospital Sisters, Doctors and Nurses and other staff have shown such unbelievable interest and kindness I am happy to have been offered this opportunity to thank you all — and how I mean it! In return I was asked to write something about the San.

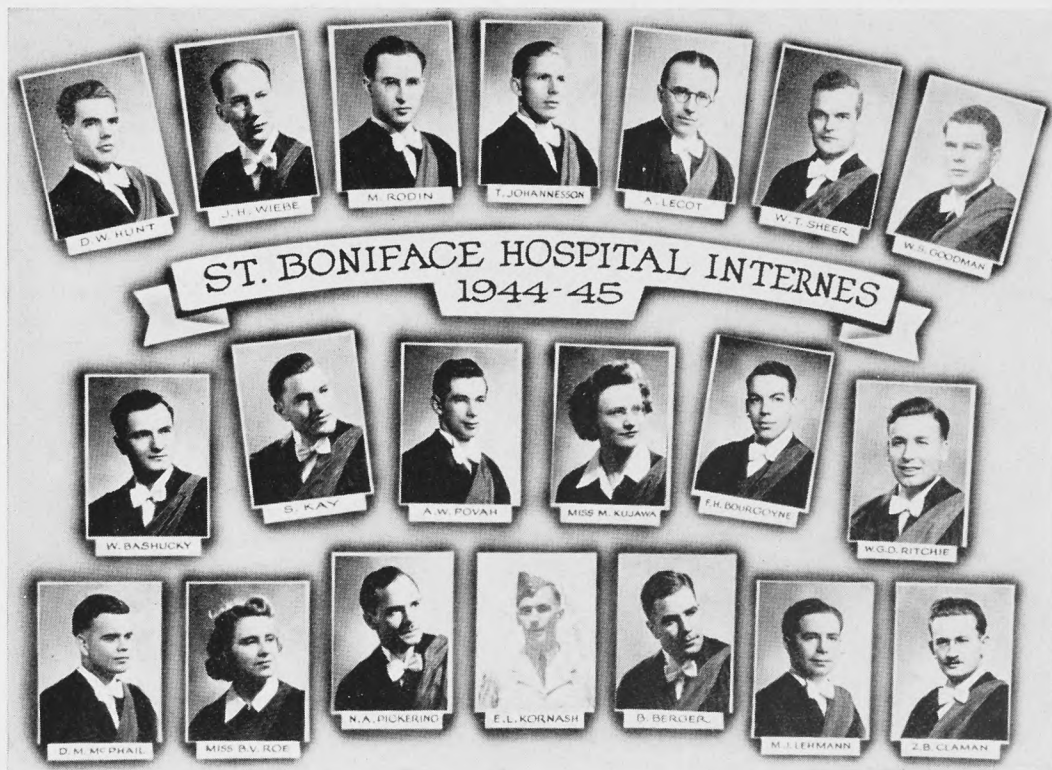
As most of you, especially students, don't come to the Sanatorium I suppose your idea of this little haven is somewhat like mine was before I came here. I used to imagine a building full of emaciated, unhappy people, probably coughing continuously and half the time worrying about their families at home, or grieving about their own future.

Nothing could be further from the truth. To begin with most of the patients appear to be quite well. And what will probably surprise you more — they show such an inexhaustible supply of hope, optimism, cheerfulness, patience and courage under adversity, that it is a stimulation to those who are associated with them. It's remarkable how they carry on, and carry on for years till health or till death. Medical parlance has given a name to this characteristic of tuberculous patients — "spes pthisica." It seems that T.B. toxins influence their mind so that when there is the least hope they have the most of it.

Naturally we do have our blue spells, who hasn't — but only I think, when we feel well otherwise (and that's where an understanding nurse comes in).

We like to think of the Sanatorium as a place of rest — physical and mental. The former is achieved by doing as little as possible, the latter is achieved mostly by self control and with the help of the cheerfulness and thoughtfulness of those around us. Add to this a little entertainment, and we have it often, we become a pretty happy lot, for "happiness is in the state of the mind."

M. Kujawa.



A YEAR has passed. A year that seemed too short to realize the many virtues of hospital life. As internes, our lives revolved about the patients and their divers ailments. Like you, we aimed at relieving their discomforts, solacing their woes, and in doing so, achieving a happiness that results only from aiding others.

This year has passed; fleeting a well-knit bridge of transition. From the maelstrom of sickness surrounding, we have groped our way over the road, not blindly but with ever care, guided by thought, example and advice. To you, the Nursing Profession, we owe many thanks.

Thanks for your cheerfulness. Thanks for your cooperation. Thanks for your hard-earned nursing skill and abilities, efficiently administered. And thanks, above all, for your sympathies and understanding, innate in woman, so essential to life.

To you, the Graduating Class, may we express the best of good wishes. May future years yield full harvest of joys and happiness from the ripening bloom of your profession.

INTERNES, Class of '45.

JUNIOR INTERNES

- A. B. ADEY: U.M.S.U. notable. Due to an unknown allergy he says: "When ah itchez ah scratchez."
 J. R. F. ANDERSON: Slight and sharp. Favorite expression: "The only kid I ever liked was myself."
 B. G. BARKMAN: A real "steady Eddie", quiet, reflective, well informed.
 E. M. BROWN: Lends the feminine touch to man take topics.
 D. H. BOOTH: Strictly king size, walks a lot late at night.
 J. W. DENNIS: Big voice, happy disposition. Takes care of three quarters of the internes mail.
 M. CHAM: S.B.H. Casanova. He's talented too.
 W. M. GRANT: A conscientious worker, always willing to oblige.
 M. C. GYDE: Interested in Pediatrics, big family man.
 A. GRAY: The Booster Boy, full of enthusiasm and ideas.
 F. J. GORMAN: He's a good worker, he always knows when to stop.
 J. L. HEBERT: A local representative of the "still waters" group.
 J. M. HUOT: A Cathedral City Kid — Wit and humor specialist.
 J. E. McTAVISH: The only attached man in the quarters. Doesn't care much for the boiler room.
 J. G. McKENZIE: Lives with Squires and spends his time passing amiable insults.
 F. G. MILLS: The philosopher with "one weakness".
 I. PHANEUF: She's one in a million — rock steady.
 F. J. SQUIRES: His surplus energy directed towards refurnishing the internes library.
 I. SCHULMAN: Quiet and capable — well liked
 J. R. THOMAS: Must be related to the flashlight people "ever ready".



BACK ROW (left to right): F. G. Mills, W. Grant, B. Adey, J. McKenzie, D. Booth, J. Huot, M. Cham, F. Squires, M. Gyde. FRONT ROW: I. Shulman, J. Anderson, J. Dennis, E. Brown, I. Phaneuf, F. Gorman, A. Gray, J. Thomas. MISSING: J. L. Hebert, J. E. McTavish.

CANCER

THERE are many problems which have faced mankind for generations and one of the oldest and most enigmatic is that of cancer. This is an old disease whose history dates back to Egyptian civilization more than three thousand years ago. The Greeks also suffered from it and it was Hippocrates himself, the "Father of Medicine" who gave it a Greek name which the Romans translated as "Cancer" meaning a crab.

Cancer is a new growth or neoplasm very often simply called tumour by laymen. In its simplest classification it is divided into two large groups: the "benign" and the "malignant". The former are comparatively harmless, the latter a mortal menace to health and life itself and therefore, well termed malignant. It is the malignant group which is commonly referred to as Cancer.

Cancer is a disorder of living tissue in which cells lose their power to cease dividing and growth continues unrestrained. The rate of growth varies both with the nature of the tissue and with the nature of the cancer. Masses of tissue are thus formed which serve no useful physiological function. At first the tumour is quite small and entirely local, but it does not remain so. As it increases in size it causes trouble by interfering with the function of important organs nearby or cancer cells may be disseminated to vital centres elsewhere, or the growth may break down itself causing hemorrhages, and open ulcers, and should infection be superimposed there may be a constant discharge of toxic products of degeneration into the system.

Cancer ranks second as a cause of death, exceeded only by heart disease. There are between 850 and 900 cancer deaths registered in Manitoba annually. The cancer mortality rate in any given area generally about 10 percent of the total deaths from all causes in the given area. The fight against cancer requires total war if it is to be successful and total war means the supreme effort of the individual, the physician, and the research worker.

Notwithstanding opinion to the contrary cancer no longer belongs to the so-called group of "incurable diseases". The cure of cancer in general depends upon its early diagnosis, with subsequent removal from the body or its destruction within the body. Due to our ignorance of its cause, nothing as yet has been advocated for its prevention. Surgery and irradiation by X-rays and by radium, used individually or in combination, are the accepted forms of treatment today. The treatment of cancer by these means has established a brilliant record of achievement. When cancer has been discovered in its localized form its direct removal by surgery is a very effective method of obtaining a cure. When a cancer is deep seated or widely distributed throughout the body its removal becomes a surgical impossibility. The employment of X-ray and radium in the treatment of cancer mark a new era in the practice of medicine. Here for the first time an invisible agent, operating at a distance, has been used to accomplish the destruction of abnormal growth in the body beyond the reach of the surgeons knife.

The program for cancer control consists of three divisions: (a) Education; (b) Research; (c) Treatment. The role of education is that of advancing and disseminating knowledge among the public re the clinical manifestations of this disease with emphasis on the disastrous consequences liable to follow procrastination when there is cause for further investigation of some seemingly trivial sign or symptom.

Research embraces the study of the nature of cancer and the investigation of its causes. It may be divided broadly into two types: Clinical research and Laboratory research. The former is concerned chiefly with the gross manifestations of the disease including the study of its natural history, its anatomical distribution, its age, sex, and race distribution, methods of diagnosis, results of treatment and similar statistical inquiries which can be derived only from the study of case histories.



(Continued on page 43)

GONE ARE THE DAYS



GUESS WHO



POST-GRADUATE PLANS

WHERE do we all go now that our Training Days are over — to Industry, to Public Health and Social Welfare, to Psychiatric fields, to instruct others in the Art of Nursing, to advanced studies in Pediatrics and Obstetrics, or are you the type that likes to be in the air, meet people and see the country as an air hostess?

Industrial nursing is of modern origin and because of the war and increase in manufacturing, industrial nursing is being emphasized. It includes giving first aid to the injured as well as promoting and maintaining the mental and physical welfare of the employee and his family. In the city of Winnipeg, there are many factories which have recently established their own nursing service and by writing or phoning the main offices of these plants one may obtain any desired information. Miss Gibson, a Graduate of 1943, is employed by one of these companies.

Probably the next largest demand for nurses comes from the Public Health branch of our profession. Because we now associate nursing with prevention rather than with cure, we require a large number of fully qualified nurses in this field. Before making application to the Public Health Department it is better to take a one-year post-graduate course in Public Health at a University. These courses can be taken at the University of Manitoba, or at McGill in Montreal, the University of Toronto, and other Canadian Universities. Any one may become adapted to this type of nursing as demands are made for Victorian Order Nurses, and Public Health Nurses, both in the city and in rural districts.

If you are interested in a course in Psychiatry you will have to go further afield than Manitoba as no Post-graduate courses are offered here. They are held at Montreal and many of the Eastern States. However there is a crying need for general duty nurses in Mental Institutes in Manitoba, and what better way is there of learning Psychiatry than by working with the patients? After six months to a year's experience in this branch of nursing you will be fully qualified to become a ward supervisor. As Psychiatry is such an intriguing subject, doubtless a great number of you will follow this plan.

If you wish to extend some of your knowledge to others who are entering the profession you may become an instructress of nurses. To do so you should have advanced study in the sciences and in Nursing Arts. This position has a great many advantages, with its regular hours and the satisfaction received from helping others to reach their desired goal.

For those who are interested in Pediatrics or in Obstetrics, or hospital administration, there are many courses offered by Universities and hospitals particularly in Eastern Canada. With one of these a position as a ward supervisor and clinical instructress can easily be obtained. Many of our own graduates have taken these advanced studies and were well satisfied.

If you are between 5 ft. and 5 ft. 5 in. and weigh not more than 125 lbs. you will probably be interested in joining the Air Hostesses. You must have a pleasing personality, and a wide interest in world affairs. You must understand all types of people and be calm, poised and cheerful at all times. Application can be made to the Airline of your preference. As the country is becoming more "Air-minded", and post-war plans for more extensive air-travel are being drawn up, this should allow for many more openings in this type of work.

We have outlined a few post-graduate possibilities which we hope will be of some value to you in choosing the type of work which you will follow in your career as a nurse.

M. ARMSTRONG and B. McDONALD.



Laboratory research is concerned with the study of the inherent biological and physiological characteristics of the disorganized cells as compared with that of normally functioning cells of the same tissue. Such investigation must include the study of etiology, pathology, reaction to various chemical and physical agents, tumour metabolism, influence of heredity, role of the endocrine system, and many other factors too numerous to mention in this presentation. Looking back on the research work that has been done one cannot help but commend the research worker in superlative terms but if you consider what we actually know about cancer and what we would like to know one wonders why the problem of cancer is not the foremost item on the agenda of every government in the world.

Unfortunately the support of research work in the field of cancer is inadequate when the magnitude of the problem is considered. The amount of money spent in Canada and the U.S.A. on cancer research shades into pitiful insignificance when compared with the amount spent by the public on treatment. In this province \$500,000 is spent annually to care for cancer cases. One large industrial corporation in the U.S.A. spends for its own research problems fifteen to twenty times the amount that is spent in the whole of the U.S.A. on cancer research. Funds for research are considered as vital as those for raw material and labour; and industry has proven time and again that money spent on research is economy. Surely this indicates to us that funds set up for the control of a disease are funds of extravagance if they do not make provision for research.

Fifteen years ago eight out of every hundred people who had cancer were being cured. Today twenty-eight out of the same hundred are being cured. Even with our present knowledge concerning the disease earlier diagnosis with earlier institution of treatment could save sixty percent of those who are afflicted with this disease. Tomorrow's rate of cure depends upon co-operation and education of the public regarding the early signs and symptoms with unstinting support for intensive, persistent research in the field of cancer.

Helen CRAIG.

AN APPRECIATION

*The "Wizard of Winnipeg" walks each day
With his good little "right hand man".
They walk in the wards of a hospital there,
And the walk is according to plan.*

*They walk every day, no Sabbath they claim,
And this is the least that they do,
For the pathway of pain is the way they each chose
For a lifework so grand and true.*

*So weary minds brighten and hope is revived
When the doctor is making his rounds,
And his good little helper comes back anon,
With a kindness that knows no bounds.*

*May God bless the nurses and doctors, and all
Who are doing this wonderful work,
This battle with blindness, disease and pain,
This battle they never can shirk.*

Elizabeth Atwater,
January 17, 1945.

DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS:

President..... K. BATTY
Vice-President..... E. MCBRIDE
Secretary-Treasurer..... I. STEWART

"And what has the Dramatic Club done this year?" Well here goes:

WE started the season with a tea in September, held in the Reception Hall of the Nurses Residence. This is an innovation which we hope will be carried on in years to come. The main object of the tea was to increase the Club's membership. Both Graduate and Student Nurses attended. Mrs. G. Graham, Mrs. Barry, Misses Sweluk, M. Funk, S. Kovacs and others poured tea. Besides spending a very pleasant afternoon we gained many new members.

At Christmas time under the capable direction of Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Barry, the play "The Question of Figures", was successfully produced. So much so that we have been asked to put it on again in May for the M.S.N.A. The cast hopes that the audience enjoyed watching it as much as they enjoyed presenting it.

Right now we are working on a 3-Act play — "Miss Fearless and Co." to be enacted sometime this May.

We also started a Dramatic Club library consisting of several one and three act plays and an excellent book on "Makeup." Speaking of make-up, we now have a well-equipped theatrical make-up box purchased with the funds made on last year's production. With this equipment we have been coached on the technique of stage make-up.

The Dramatic Club has enjoyed another year at St. Boniface Hospital. We hope to increase our group 100 percent next year. How about it students? Mark it down in your "must join" column — we'd love to have you! You don't have to be a "Bette Davis" or a "Veronica Lake" — we want you as you are.

To the Sisters, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Barry and to the students who helped; we extend our thanks and appreciation. We had fun didn't we?

GLEE CLUB

The officers of the Glee Club are:

President.....MARION FERG
Vice-President.....GERMAINE ALAIRE
Secretary Treasurer.....DOROTHY EVANS

NOW for the Glee Club. It's a relaxation after a hard day's work to attend the meetings on Wednesday night. We look forward to the coming of Miss Anderson from Kelvin High School who took over the direction of the Club this year. Her graceful way of teaching is in itself a lesson.

On December 21st, a candle light procession of carolers in full uniform opened the concert by reviving the Spirit of Christmas.

The Glee Club takes an active part in the Graduation Programme. Some of our selections are: "May Day Carol" and "Summer Time".

We hope that next year we will have the pleasure of welcoming many new members. With everyone's co-operation we are sure to succeed in our ideal: "Better every year."

SOCIAL *and* SPORT ACTIVITIES

IT IS OUR TURN now to say good-bye to the training school and to the very dear friends we have made here. We have had a lot of fun together and our memories will always be pleasant ones.

Through our social and sports programme we have learned to play as well as to work together. On the thirty-first of October the spooks, ghosts, witches and goblins of Hollowe'en lurked in the corners of the residence, then spirited themselves to the auditorium where all sorts of queer looking creatures joined together in wonderful evening of dancing, singing and weird entertainment.

Next came Christmas. The feeling of this happy season was in the air for weeks prior to the twenty-fifth. At last the day arrived. Again we gathered in the auditorium: this time to listen to the Glee Club singing carols and to see the stars of the Dramatic Club present their play. Many of the girls were feeling rather lonesome but with Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus' arrival they soon forgot all their griefs. May we take this opportunity to thank the Reverend Sisters Martel and Trottier for making our last Christmas here one that we shall never forget.

February the fourteenth was the next gala occasion. The question was how to spend the evening. Someone suggested a hike and even the weather man was agreeable. We donned our walking clothes and started off to explore the countryside. On our return to the residence we found lunch waiting and so ended another successful evening.

Since we have joined the M.S.N.A. we have spent many interesting hours with the students from other schools.

During the summer months many of the girls spent their spare moments on the tennis courts, cycling, swimming or relaxing in the sun. Lately we have been able to play ping-pong, thanks to the enthusiastic co-operation of the students, who made the purchase of a ping-pong table possible. We are looking forward to the first spring hay-ride and to the annual tennis tournament.

We would like to say thank you to all who have made this such an enjoyable year. There were a few hardships but we know that the bright spots have been more numerous than ever before.

Allergy

*Does aspirin cause your eyes to cross
Do rose leaves make you nervy
Do old canaries give you boils?
Do kittens give you scurvy?*

*Oh garden parties speed my pulse,
And pound my frame to bits.
I'd mind the child on Thursdays
But children give me fits.*

*When duty sounds her battle cry
Say never that I shirk.
It isn't laziness at all
But allergy to work.*

M.S.N.A.

ONE of the most outstanding achievements in the history of nursing in Manitoba was the formation of the Manitoba Student Nurses Association this year. It is the first organization of its kind in Canada, and if, as it progresses, it gathers the strength and approval necessary, it may in years to come, set an example to the other Provinces resulting in a Federation of all the Provincial student organizations — and it is not impossible a congress of National Federation of student associations. The ultimate is far from this organization that is so young in existence, but if the attendance and enthusiasm which has been so encouraging in the past continue this dream will soon become a reality.

The Manitoba Student Nurses Association was inaugurated in November at a dinner sponsored by the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses and became an active organization December 7, 1944 when it held its first mass meeting at the University of Manitoba. The executive is composed of an Honorary President, President, First, Second, Third Vice Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer and Convenors of the various committees — Music, Athletics, Current Events, Literary and Dramatics. It meets ten days before the mass meetings which are held the first Wednesday of every month. It might also be said that the executive is a representative body composed of members from the various schools of nursing in Manitoba.

At the first Executive meeting a program of activities for the year was outlined. Each meeting was planned so that the interest of every student nurse would be gained. It has brought to the meetings such speakers as Miss Pettigrew, President of the M.A.R.N., Miss Street, Executive Secretary of the M.A.R.N., Miss Black, Director of the Post Graduate Course in Public Health Nursing, University of Manitoba, Mrs. McWilliams, our Honorary President and the 1st Lady of the Province, Miss G. Hall, Executive Sec. of Canadian Nurse's Association and Miss Kerr, Editor of the Canadian Nurse. To meet the wide interests of the members it has devoted meetings to music, athletics, literary and dramatic activities. The objectives of this organization are as follows:

(a) To set up a body recognized as the official representation of student nurses in the province on a comparative basis with other such organizations.

(b) To stimulate interest and disseminate information about current events in the world of nursing, with particular reference to activities within the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses, the Canadian Nurses Association and the International Council of Nurses.

(c) To provide a means of broadening the cultural background of student nurses that they may be more adequately prepared for the part they must play as citizens in a community.

(d) To form a natural means of progress from the Junior Association into the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses, when the member becomes eligible, with an appreciation of the significance of that membership.

(e) To promote a spirit of unity, and a common bond of understanding and of mutual helpfulness in the student nurses of this province.

To this end has the Executive worked and through their program planned for the year, they have carried these purposes out.

The Association has a long and hard road ahead but with the constitution drawn up, and the membership well established, great confidence is placed in the future possibilities of this organization.

B. PARRISH,

First Vice-President of M.S.N.A.



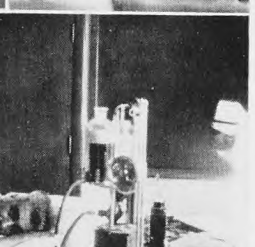
V.A.D.'s

THE V.A.D.'s are members of an organization called the Voluntary Aid Detachment, a section of our Canadian Red Cross. This detachment was organized in view of helping out in hospitals, short-handed because of war conditions. It consists of ladies who voluntarily give their free time and often sacrifice their only hours of leisure to relieve the strain on over-worked nurses. They receive no salaries for the first eighty hours, and furnish their own uniforms. Many of them are business girls who have put in 8 or 9 hours in an office. They want no thanks. It is their part in the war effort.

The services rendered by V.A.D.'s consist in doing elementary nursing procedures. They have received a basic training and passed examinations — teachers being Registered Nurses and First Aid Instructors. Graduates of '45 have helped in teaching the V.A.D.'s such preliminary procedures as the making of beds, taking of temperatures and initiating them on wards on their first day as a part of their war work.

No need to emphasize the fact that V.A.D.'s render great services. In the rush of trying to give patients the care which they so rightly deserve, they ease the strain on everyone by performing numerous time devouring tasks such as answering lights, taking temperatures, arranging flowers and making beds, thus enabling the nurse to be at the bedside of the seriously ill. Always smiling and willing to oblige, the V.A.D.'s have become indispensable to every hospital that they have entered. They are keeping the home fires burning—they are fighting the battle at home. They have done more than their bit. For them we have a deep feeling of admiration and of sincere, heartfelt gratitude. And we can only say to them as they leave: "Thank you, V.A.D.'s. Please come again."

N. Gagnon.





LABORATORY TECHNICIANS

The first Graduates from St. Boniface Hospital School of Medical Technology St. Boniface, Man.

The School was approved on September 1st, 1943 by Dr. Harvey Agnew, Secretary of the Canadian Society of the Committee on Technicians, Canadian Medical Association.

Length of Course: 14 months. Academic requirements: Grade XII.

After successfully completing the 14 months' course in the hospital, these students are admitted to the final examinations set by the Canadian Registry of Laboratory Technologists, Hamilton, Ontario.

The Registry is the OFFICIAL REGISTRY of Technologists for Canada and is incorporated with the Canadian Medical Association (Incorporated under Dominion Charter).

Director of the School: Dr. James Prendergast, B.A., Pathologist. Instructor: Sister M. R. Tougas, S.B.G.M., M.T. & L.T.



FIRST ROW: (left to right) Miss M. Kennedy, V. Dupuis, F. Phillipson. SECOND ROW: (front) Miss L. Robin, Sister A. Hopcraft, S.G.M., Miss F. Poirier

FIRST O.R. MORNING

ANN GLEBOFF

*Oh, what a dreadful morning
Oh, what a terrific day,
Because when you're sent to the OR
Everything goes the wrong way.*

*Hurry and clean up this room here
You're awkward, you're puzzled and
frightened
You don't know where to go
Please God, make me enlightened.*

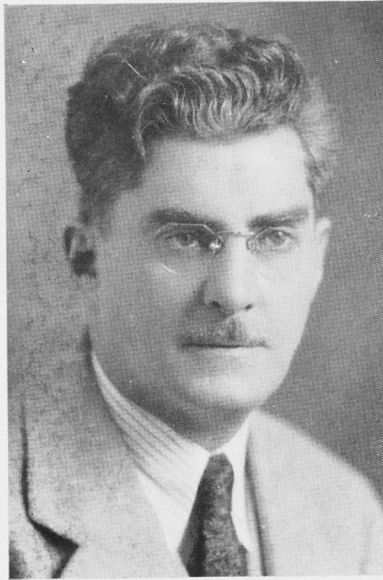
*Someone shouts, "Get me some pack-
ing."
Another, "Get me a gown."
You don't know what you're doing
Or where to turn around.*

*The doc wants sponges — more sponges
he says
And you're really quite befuddled
Because you see they're all wrapped up
And the bundle gets quite muddled.*

*An interne asks for a double O
But your knees are quite unsteady
A doctor looks you in the eye
And demands "Why isn't my patient
ready?"*

*Oh, What a terrific morning,
Did I hear someone say,
"The hour's arrived; To-day's the day!
Now you'll scrub for your first T & A."*

In Memoriam



Dr. Genoff

WHERE THEY WENT FROM HERE

| | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Cecelia Sweluk..... | Lac Vert, Sask..... | P.G. at the U. of Manitoba. |
| Gladys Shackelford..... | Shoal Lake, Man..... | Hospitals up North. |
| Jean Ellis..... | Melfort, Sask..... | Operating Room S.B.H. |
| Nina Lewis..... | Selkirk, Man..... | Ste. Anne's B—S.B.H. |
| Loreen Stewart..... | Virden, Man..... | Virden Hospital. |
| Mary Trumbla..... | Elm Creek, Man..... | Normant Ward, S.B.H. |
| Marie Stoltz..... | Fulda, Sask..... | Vancouver, B.C. |
| Catherine Willets..... | Ericksdale, Man..... | Ericksdale Hospital. |
| Florence Arcand..... | Dollard, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Therese Blais..... | Transcona, Man..... | Married — East Coast. |
| Iona Crittenden..... | Transcona, Man..... | Virden Hospital, Man. |
| Evelyn Fredlund..... | Percival, Sask..... | Prince Albert, Sask. |
| Glenys Grant..... | Simpson, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg |
| Lorraine Glass..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Deer Lodge Hospital, Man. |
| Sarah Gage..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Normant Ward — S.B.H. |
| Catherine Gannon..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Youville Ward — S.B.H. |
| Phyllis Gallagher..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Deer Lodge Hospital, Man. |
| Carman Hawkes..... | Percival, Sask..... | Prince Albert, Sask. |
| Mary Holland..... | Treherne, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Lottie Lowen..... | Norwood, Man..... | Steinbach Hospital, Man. |
| Marjorie Loughheed..... | Foxwarren, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Anne Loudon..... | Kelliher, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Bernice Lamontagne..... | Lisieus, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Mary MacKenzie..... | North Portal, Sask..... | Nursing Arts, Instructor S.B.H. |
| Lois Meek..... | Melfort, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Flora McTavish..... | Fort Frances, Ont..... | Deer Dodge Hospital, Winnipeg |
| Dora MacVicar..... | Portage la Prairie, Man..... | Calgary, Alberta |
| Joseline Perrier..... | Sioux Lookout, Ont..... | Ste. Anne's — S.B.H. |
| Camille Prior..... | Sioux Lookout, Ont..... | Pickle Crow, Ont. |
| Joan Poons..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Catherine Reid..... | Dugald, Man..... | Steinbach Hospital, Manitoba. |
| Isabel Skinner..... | Carman, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Helen Taylor..... | Foam Lake, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Shirley Benoit..... | St. Boniface, Man..... | O.P.D. — S.B.H. |
| Mabel Boose..... | The Pas, Man..... | Dryden, Ont. |
| Bertha Currie..... | Portage la Prairie, Man..... | Dr. Wheelers' Office, Winnipeg |
| Jessie Dziedzic..... | Inwood, Man..... | Deer Lodge Hospital, Winnipeg |
| Alice Engelsted..... | Radville, Sask..... | Vancouver, B.C. |
| Mary Funk..... | Rosenfelt, Man..... | Altona Hospital, Man. |
| Adele Gilman..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Emily Hayes..... | Rose Valley, Sask..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Edith Hurd..... | Winnipeg, Man..... | St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg |
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| Margaret Kovacs..... | Whitewood, Sask..... | Whitewood Hospital |
| Julia Lanthier..... | Norwood, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
| Margaret Leeson..... | Norwood, Man..... | Observation Ward — S.B.H. |
| Irene Morris..... | Regina, Sask..... | Laber Hospital, Sask. |
| Emelie Mason..... | Mackinac, Man..... | Specialing, Winnipeg. |
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| Eileen Richter..... | Langenburg, Sask..... | Yorkton, Sask. |
| Frances Krofchek..... | Patrick, Sask..... | Regina, Sask. |

Impery's Farewell Speech

to the GRADUATES of '44

“TODAY people will be telling you how wonderful you are, how wonderful you have been and how wonderful you think you are. Although I'm not a professional speaker I'm going to begin by telling you how wonderful we think you are and give you the true insight to your character.

Dear Graduates, we do not envy you your entry into the world with such a shortage of trained nurses — and men. Wherever you may be stationed, at home or abroad, we hope that you will make for yourself a reputation medically, that will stand as a challenge to the better class following in your wake! In the light of your accomplishments will your school be judged and to you goes the responsibility of making for yourselves a name so impressive that even we will better your achievements only with difficulty.

You realize you came in training too soon — two to three years too soon. Had you been as clever as the blueband and cap nurses of today you would be able to enjoy your training days, instead of coming off duty worn out and tired, you'd be bright, happy and vivacious — simply because you rode the new elevator. The ride in itself isn't luxurious but what is infinitely more precious is the energy saved. Not only do we ride the new elevator but we have a weekly eleven o'clock late leave and a twelve o'clock monthly leave. What's more we have a half day starting at 10 a.m. for the yellow bands. Now wasn't that worth waiting for?

You who are wearing black bands must realize that with this band goes a certain amount of prestige and knowledge — so study up, kids, and give out with the goods.

You all know what a pleasure it was to have you with us and that many wet eyes will attend your departure. Nevertheless the nursing profession of St. Boniface Hospital will go on with us improving the standards you have set!”

“Willie.”

Portrait of a DOCTOR

*His hair is white, his shoulders broad;
He has a kindly face.
Everyone who comes to him
Is more than just a “case.”*

*I think his conversation
Has quite as much to do
With his kindly art of healing
As the treatments that ensue.*

*He uses all the methods
That the modern doctors do;
And his technical equipment
Is beneficial too.*

*Of course he is acquainted
With symptoms and disease
But his secret is in making
His patient feel at ease.*

*But he does his greatest healing
In his individual style
With a kindly sense of humor
And an understanding smile.*

MARY WARNER HALL.



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Neilson's

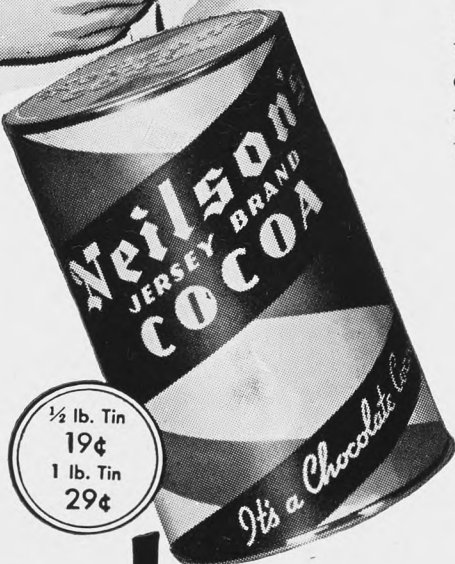
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Manitoba

DR. ANGELLE: "Did you get my cheque for the Year Book?"

SEALE: (hopefully) "No-o."

DR. ANGELLE: "Well I haven't sent it yet."

If all the student-nurses who fell asleep in class were laid end to end in a straight line -- They would be far more comfortable.

Teacher: Describe the stomach.

Nurse: It is a hollow organ holding articles of indigestion.

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★

DR. PEIKOFF: (while operating) "Catgut."

LOWEN: "Plain or Chromic?"

DR. PEIKOFF: "Anything".

LOWEN: "Cutting or non-cutting needle?"

★

Wiebe: "Personality Test tonight!"

Olie: "Oh really! I'm so relieved."

Wiebe: "Why?"

Olie: "Well I thought it was an Intelligence Test."

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*Who is the man defeated?
Columbus in his cell.
Livingstone lying lonely?
Or Gordon when he fell?*

*Not these the lost, the hopeless—
Those who have striven and died*

*The real and fatal failures
Are those who never tried.*

—PAPYRUS.



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The Germ

*A mighty creature is the germ
Though smaller than the pachyderm.
His customary dwelling place
Is deep within the human race.
His childish pride he often pleases
By giving people strange diseases.
Do you my poppet feel infirm?
You probably contain a germ.*

—OGDEN NASH.



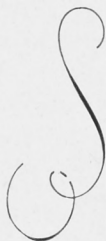
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LET US BE KIND

Let us be kind.

*The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this
blessing only,*

That we can be kind.

*We cannot know the grief that men may
borrow,*

*We cannot see the souls storm-swept by
sorrow,*

*But love can shine upon the way today,
tomorrow—*

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind.

*There is a wealth that has no measure,
There is of heaven and earth the highest
treasure,*

Let us be kind.

*A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those re-
treating,*

*A glimpse of God and brotherhood while
life is fleeting*

Let us be kind.

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A wedding is a ceremony in which the groom slips a ring on the bride's finger and the bride slips the groom under her thumb.

★ ★ ★

Parrish: "Where are we going to eat?"

DeBondy: "Let's eat up the street."

Parrish: "No, I don't like asphalt."

★ ★ ★

Sometimes it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool—than to speak and remove all doubt.

★ ★ ★

Imbery No, No — Schweg I didn't say you couldn't keep a secret. All I said was — there is something wrong with your secretive glands.

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PARTING

By R. H. BLACKBURN

*There could be no morning
If there were no night;
If there were no sorrow,
Where would be delight?*

*There could be no pleasure
If there were no pain;
If there were no parting,
Could we meet again?*

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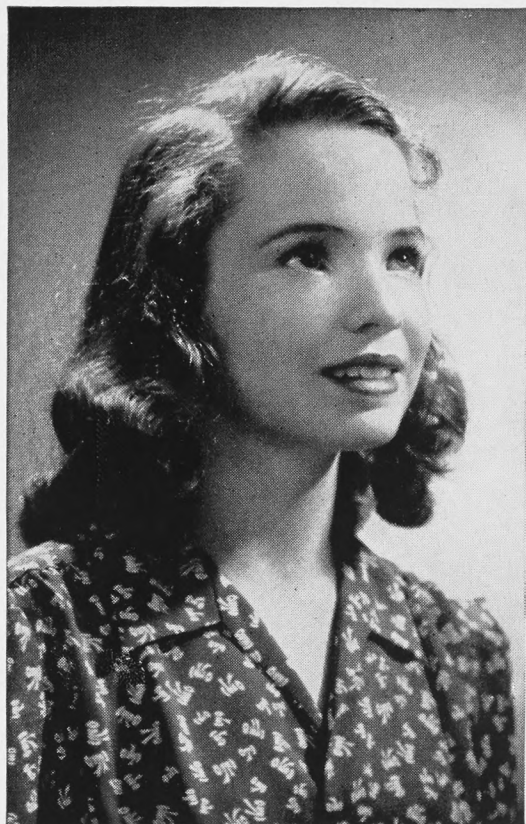
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Forget each kindness that you do as soon
as you have done it;

Forget the praise that falls to you the
moment you have won it;

Forget the slander that you bear before
you can repeat it;

Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
wherever you may meet it;

Remember every kindness done to you
whate'er its measure;

Remember praise by others won and pass
it on with pleasure;

Remember every promise made and keep
it to the letter;

Remember those who lend you aid and be
a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness that comes
your way in living;

Forget each worry and distress, be hopeful
and forgiving;

Remember good, remember truth, remem-
ber heaven's above you,

And you will find, through age and youth,
that many hearts will love you.

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SLEEPY-HEAD

*To keep my brain some place near par
I have to go to bed
Real early — and sleep hours and hours.
I'm just a sleepy-head.*

*Some folks can prowls around at night,
And hardly sleep a bit,
And then win honors in the tests
Requiring speed and wit.*

*Napoleon slept just four hours,
And Edison the same;
And both of them did fairly well
In climbing up to fame.*

*But, if one must become an owl
To be a real go-getter,
I'll stay unknown—and sleep nine hours!
(And I'd like ten much better).*

—LYLA MYERS.



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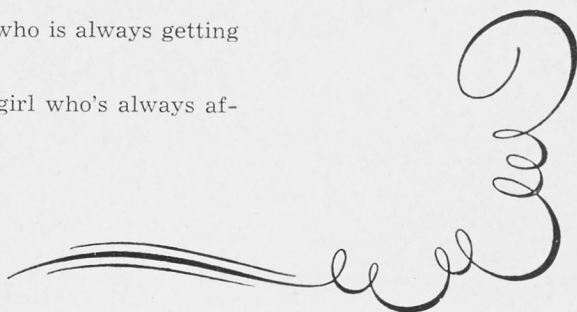
Fleet-footed — A girl who's always after sailors.

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ATTENTION, FIRST AIDERS

*Lady, if you see me lying
On the ground and maybe dying,
Let me go. Run bright and free;
While there's life there's hope,
so pet—
Don't apply a tourniquet.
Do not give for my salvation,
"Artificial respiration."
Do not stretch my bones and joints,
Do not press my pressure points.
If queer symptoms you should see,*

*Don't experiment on me.
If I am suffering from shock
Take a walk around the block.
If you must keep busy, pray:
Help to keep the crowds away.
So whatever my condition,
Phone at once for a physician.
Let me lie, I'll take a chance
Waiting for the ambulance.
From first aid I beg release,
Lady, let me die in peace.*



WHO SAID THIS?

"Does anybody understand?"
"How can you do this to me?"
"Hello Molly."
"Dr. Bourgouin wears running shoes in the OR and it's not because he runs fast."

Of all the sad words of tongue and pen
The saddest are these, "Be in at ten."

POLITENESS

"Beg your pardon," said the fat man, returning to his seat. "Did I step on your foot as I went out?"

"Yes, you did," said the injured one, expecting an apology.

"This is my row, then," mumbled the other as he squeezed by.

A Nurse's Prayer

*Because the day that stretches out for me
Is full of busy hours, I come to Thee
To ask Thee, Lord, that Thou wilt see me through
The many things that I may have to do.
Help me to make my beds the smoothest way.
Help me to make more tempting every tray.
Help me to sense when pain must have relief.
Help me to deal with those borne down by grief.
Help me to take to every patient's room
The Light of Life to brighten up the gloom.
Help me to bring to every soul in fear
The Sure and steadfast thought that Thou art near.
And if today, or, if tonight, maybe,
Some patient in my care set out to sea
To face the great adventure we call death,
Sustain them Father, in their parting breath.
Help me to live throughout this livelong day
As one who loves Thee well, dear Lord, I pray;
And when the day is done, and evening stars
Shine through the dark above the sunset bars,
When weary quite, I turn to seek my rest,
Lord, may I truly know I've done my best.*

—RUTH WINANT WHEELER.

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Best of Luck to Their As-
sociates in the Field of Health

The Nursing Profession



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Hospital

By HELEN R. WOODWARD

*Muffled footsteps passing by,
Stifled sounds of infant's cry,
Wiff of ether, nurse's call,
These you'll find in every hall.*

*Uniforms so stiff and white,
Emergency's red flashing light,
Wheels on rubber tires go by
Followed by an anxious eye.*

*Sudden silence broken when
Convalescent walks again,
Then the hint of coming death
Heard in some soul's labored breath.*

*Crowd the beds each door behind
With every sort of human kind
Ever since the world was made
Health for suffering here they'd trade*

*House of sorrow, house of fear,
Falls here many a wretched tear
But at times what joy and mirth
Attends the miracle of birth.*

*Life and death the Fates divide,
Marching always side by side,
Broken bodies mended right
House of mercy, house of light!*

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The Value of a Smile

*The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worthwhile,
That costs the least and does the most
Is just a pleasant smile.*

*It's full of mirth and goodness too,
With heavenly kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars
And does not cost a cent.*

He Deserves a Medal

He is the only interne who can walk down the hall at 2 a.m. and go through the swinging doors without waking a single patient.

"The time of the year that internes are most discussed and the most disgusted is the first week in their "whites".

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Faith

*A Paradise of Beauty has been lost;
Vision of worldly beauty now denied;
The things I loved to see now curtained off,
And yet to God or man I have not cried.*

*The firmament above no longer seen,
The moon, the stars, the sun a flaming ball,
Flowers and gardens darkened by a haze
And yet I will not let a teardrop fall.*

*I do not grumble now, at last I know
To take the place of vision I have found;
And though a curtain dropped before my eyes
My paradise of life is now by sound.*

*Sound is my sight as I go through this life;
The ears my eyes, will not forsake me now;
God in His infinite goodness saved me these,
So in my humble thanks, my head I bow.*

*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
With faith, perhaps the curtain with its cord
Might gently pull aside and to my joy,
My sight, through God, may be again restored.*

—By Sgt. R. V. HEWLETT,
Rideau Military Hospital.

Night Life

7:15 P.M. "Good evening — any new patients?"

"How's Dr. McNulty's gall-bladder?"

7:35 P.M. "Answer the phone will you Mac! I've got a date to change."

8:30 "Don't bruise your hand on that bell. They'll go peacefully when the policeman comes."

8:45 "Let's see now, must organize my thoughts systematically.

Backs to rub.

Oranges to juice.

Flowers to arrange.

Water to ice.

Lunches to pass.

Radio to fix. (How did that get here?)

Oops—312's on again."

9:00 "Oh, nurse, the doctor said I could get up today but the poor day nurses were so busy that I thought I'd wait for you."

9:05 "Oh, yes Dr. Booth. We called for you to order a sedative but the patient is sleeping now. So sorry to bother you."

12:00 Midnight — "Anything good to eat tonight?"

12:30 "I hope it's quiet because I want to finish my charts so I can read "ESTOTE FIDELES" 1945. (Plug 49).

1:00 "Nurse may I have some hot milk?"

"Since you're down here could I have some cough syrup?"

"Sorry to bother you but have you a match?"

1:20 "Whew! now for those charts."

1:30 "Emergency appendectomy — heavens where shall we put her?"

2:30 ZZZ--z-z-z-z-z

Below in the sleeping quarters.

1:30 "MacDonald, get up. It's your turn to scrub."

2:30 "Why does the Dressing Room nurse always trip over Cameron's shoes?"

3:00 You've groped your way back to wards.

"Any lights?"

"A few — Mrs. Dingell dangled out of bed again."

6:00 "Nurse I just woke up and I can't seem to get back to sleep again — How about a sleeping pill?"

6:30 "Good morning Sister — fairly busy."

7:15 "You run up to the "Lab." and I'll take these down to the Pharmacy and I'll meet you at St. Louis stairs."

To the day staff:—"It's so wonderful to be going off duty to sleep all day when everyone else is going to work!"

